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Vol. XXV. No. 22 Los Angeles, December 1, 1906 Price, 10 Cents



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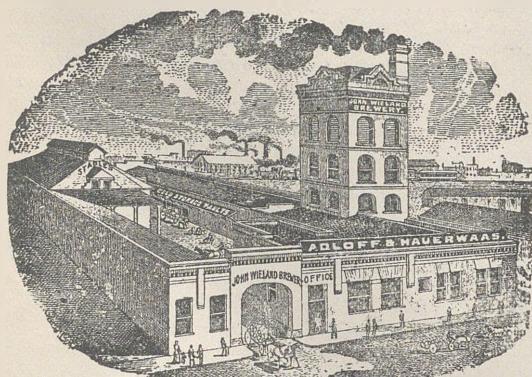
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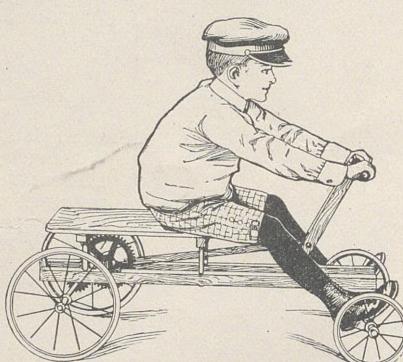
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GRAPHIC

Published every week at Los Angeles, Cal., by
The GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Offices 392 Wilcox Building
Home Phone 8482 Sunset, Main 139
Vol. XXV, No. 22

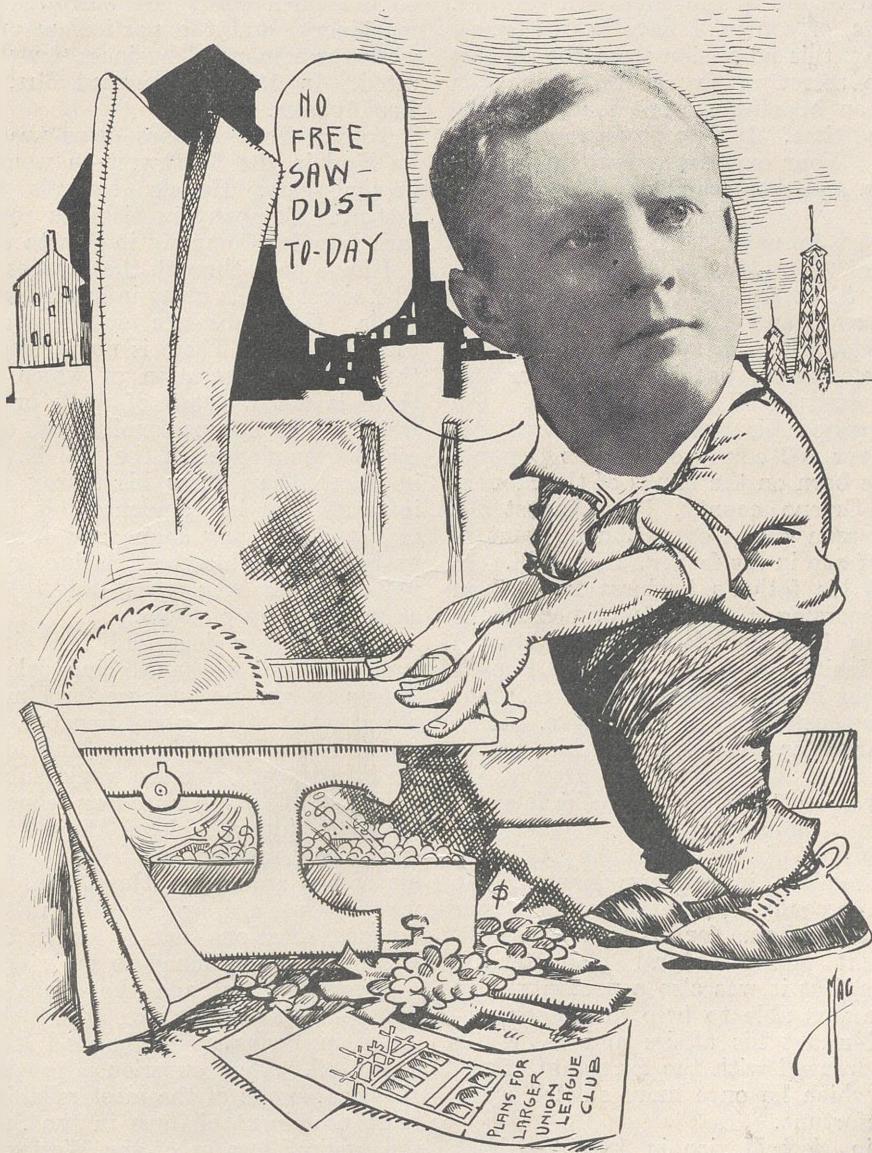
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Subscription \$2.50 per year. Foreign subscription \$3.50 per year. Single copies ten cents. Sample copies and advertising rates on application. The Graphic is mailed to subscribers every Thursday and should be received in Los Angeles and vicinity not later than Fridays. Please report delays to the publication office. Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal., as second class matter.

Who's Who in Los Angeles

LXVII



TOM HUGHES

During the last ten years many fortunes have been made in Los Angeles, and in devious manner. Opportunities have been exceptional and the men of thrift, industry and foresight have taken advantage of them. To accumulate a large fortune nowadays it would seem that a man must either be a gambler—that is to say, a shrewd speculator in opportunities—or he must be so sharp as to take every possible

advantage of his fellows, a method which may leave him with a big bank account but a restless conscience. That there are brilliant exceptions to this alternative in money-making the subject of this sketch seems to me to supply a strong illustration. The artist has depicted "Tom" Hughes—nobody calls him "Thomas"—in his shirt-sleeves and sawing wood. He has been sawing wood all his life and is still saw-

ing wood, although he has passed the millionaire mark.

If you ask Tom Hughes what has been the secret of his success he will reply in one word, and truly—"Energy." The truth is that Hughes never had any sympathy with the eight-hour law. The day was never long enough for him. He worked while his fellows slept, and so he passed his fellows. "Energy," "Energy," "Energy" is the song of Tom Hughes's saw-mill; it is also the incessant theme of his own personal machinery.

Energy spells success, Tom Hughes will tell you, and in these days of fierce competition energy is the one priceless equipment. The Strenuous Life is not the ideal life; it certainly cannot be "simple," nor is there too much time for "the greatest thing in the world"—Love, but it is eminently the practical and, indeed, the imperative life of the twentieth century.

Successful? "Yes, of course, I have been successful"—you may draw this admission from the modest Hughes—"and the secret of my success has been that when I saw an opening I went for it. There are openings all the time. It doesn't do to sit down and look at them. Your experience must show you it's a good opening, and then your energy must drive you to it."

Ten years ago, last January, after three months in his present business, Tom Hughes took his first invoice. It showed \$1.50 in bank; stock on hand, \$40; total assets over and above liabilities, \$150. His present property, after ten years, invoices over half a million dollars, to say nothing of another half million dollars invested in oil and real estate. Ten years ago he comprised his own factory force; today he numbers over 400 employees on his pay-roll.

Tom Hughes was born on the banks of the Monongahala River, in Greene county, Pa., August 25, 1859. After a common school education he went to work at 15 years of age in his father's flour mill. In the panic of 1873 his father's business failed, and Tom's hopes of becoming a magnate in breadstuffs were frustrated. In 1877 he left home and started westward. At Wichita, Kas., he applied himself to whatever odd jobs he could lay his hand to. For three months he was custodian of a toll bridge. Then he hired with a carpenter and went with him to Indian Territory to build claim shanties. During the winter of '78 he was laid low with typhoid fever in Wichita. He found employment as a checking-clerk on the extension of the Santa Fe Railroad, which was then building in western Kansas. He saved every nickel he could, and at the end of a year was able to buy a small home for his father in Wellington, Kas. Thrift was a natural characteristic with young Hughes, but it was also a necessity. At 21 years of age he was able to help his father materially to straighten out his affairs and gave him every dollar he had saved with the exception of the sum of \$30, with which he once more started westward to carve his fortune.

Hughes landed in New Mexico in 1880 "without a bean." In Las Vegas he worked in a planing mill; he was foreman in the construction of machine shops at Ratson, and in Albuquerque he formed a partnership with a contractor. But after three years' hard work, with the completion of the railroad through that territory, he found himself once more stranded, with nothing in the world but a few parcels of real estate of doubtful value and some still more questionable book accounts.

In 1883 Los Angeles "looked pretty good" to Tom Hughes, and it has retained that prospect ever since,

although his first adventures were not particularly encouraging. He borrowed \$200 to get here, and landed here with a lot of debts, which he faithfully discharged by day labor in a planing mill. It took the closest care and the most self-denying thrift to save enough during his first year here to pay his debts, but he did it.

As soon as he felt himself "square with the world" he started business "on his own hook." He invested \$75 in a lot on Temple street, as soon as he knew there was to be a street railway in that direction. A few months later he sold the lot for \$600.

In the fall of '85 he founded his planing mill. His capital was \$500, borrowed money, and he rented power and space. Ten years later he was burned out in San Pedro, but the following year he started his present factory between Second and Third street, on Central avenue. He borrowed \$3,600 to buy his machinery, and the particulars of his first invoice, after three months' business, have already been narrated. In 1892 he married Mrs. Carrie Mosher of Los Angeles.

To-day Tom Hughes owns the largest factory of its kind in the Southwest—a wonderful achievement in ten years. He also controls the Gazelle Manufacturing Company in Siskiyou county and the Canara Lumber Company in Shasta county.

I have been through the Hughes mill with its boss. The secret of his great industrial success is fairly obvious. He is absolute master of every detail in the establishment. There is not a piece of machinery in the mill the operation of which he cannot direct; there is not a detail of work or management with which he is not personally and constantly familiar. His 300 employees in the mill have every confidence in him. They know his sturdy character, his firm integrity and independence, his fairness, his hatred of "graft" in any shape and form—it is simply an excrescence of idleness, getting something for which value has not been given—and that he himself works as hard as any of them.

Tom Hughes has had his bitter warfares. He would not allow the walking delegates of the labor unions to run his business for him. He threw down the gauntlet of industrial freedom, declaring he would rather close down his shop and lose every penny of his investment before he would submit to labor union tyranny. The labor unions concentrated their efforts to "down" him. They bombarded his mill with every artillery of strike tactics; they boycotted his sashes and doors throughout the State. But it was the clear eye, firm mouth and strong hand of Tom Hughes, conscious that he was in the right, that won. His business continued to grow and is still growing.

Twelve years ago the large oil discoveries in Southern California arrested Hughes's interest. As a lad in Pennsylvania he had learned a good deal about oil. That experience proved of great value. He became one of the most reliable field experts and most prominent oil men in the Southwest. He was the original locator of the Western Union Oil Company's field and one of the organizers of the company, which is probably today the largest producer in the United States. In the last ten years he has made over half a million dollars in oil.

A man of the simplest habits, he has no "small vices;" the taste of either tobacco or alcohol he does not know. He was brought up under the most rigid regulations of the Presbyterian Church; to-day he has no church but his own, but it seems to be a pretty good one, for I have yet to hear of Tom Hughes ever turning a dirty trick or doing a mean act.

His diversions are twofold, though neither of them is comparable with his devotion to hard work. He likes a good horse. He would rather have seen his "Welcome Mac" win last week than discover another "gusher." And, in his day, he has had a passion for politics—a weakness, however, from which he professes he is recovering. For the last six or seven years he has been head and front of the so-called Independent wing of the Republican party. He was one of Tom Flint's principal backers against Henry Gage for Governor. He has made "the Machine" his chief point of attack. At present he is one of Lee Gates's principal backers in the mayoralty fight. He is the staunchest of friends and a good fighter. For several seasons he matched himself against Walter Parker, but he has many other things to attend to, and it was an uneven contest. He says he is a "loyal Republican," and certainly he has borne his full share of the party's burden. When funds were needed, Tom Hughes was the first man to dig down into his pocket. He has never made a

cent out of politics, but has spent a good many dollars in its elusive pursuit. The prosperous Union League Club, which began as the humblest organization, and is to-day one of the most flourishing social-political institution in the city, has been his especial care. It is safe to say that without Tom Hughes's energy and aid the Union League would not have been what it is to-day.

If you want a good, sound, honest and, withal, kindly example of American manhood—the personification of what "self help" and energy will do, I don't know where you can find a better one than in Thomas ("Tom") Hughes.

Mr. Hughes declares he can afford to take life easily now, but I doubt if he ever will. He has bought a beautiful country place near Palms and is breeding pheasants and fine horses. But he is not the sort of man to enjoy "the dignity of leisure;" his natural inclination is to drive a fast horse, and to drive himself a little faster than his own horse. Such is Tom Hughes. May he live long and prosper!

The Future in America

(AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF H. G. WELLS'S LATEST WORK)

Mr. Wells, who has hitherto concerned himself with imaginary commonwealths, has brought his mind back to the present and the tangible, and has written a study of the American people. Another brilliant writer has already performed the same task, but between the works of Professor Munsterberg and Mr. Wells there is a profound difference of aim. The former analyses the American mind as a finished product, and speculates not at all on the future; the latter looks for signs of change, motive forces, a national ideal—in his own words, his is a "search after realities." The one book is the work of a dispassionate scientific observer, the other is the expression of an original temperament, filled with dreams of a World-State, a Utopia of Pure Reason, a Socialism so divorced from the current creed that he might rightly claim it as a private cult. Mr. Wells sets out on his inquiry in the mood of happy wonder. The marvelous is perpetually in his eyes, but it is not what the world so labels. "The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations, one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future." For all his science, he is not scientific. "Insight is of more account than induction, and the perception of fine tones than the counting of heads." Hence the things in America which impress the common observer go with him for little. He is not dazzled by mercantile bigness or by superfine culture. He asks, not what the nation has done, but what it will do, what is the quality of its will, the form of its purpose. His hero, as he confesses, "in the confused drama of human life is intelligence; intelligence inspired by constructive passion." And he is undeniably right. A study of a national life which takes the present as the ultimate achievement is doomed to barrenness. The business of the student is to disentangle the lines of development, and, if he be bold, to forecast their issue. Again, in the study of a nation it is the civic qualities that matter, not irrelevant triumphs in art or letters or social amenities. But, if we may suggest a criticism, it is possible to interpret such civic qualities too narrowly. Mr. Wells is occasionally as blatantly utilitarian as

the mercantile community he condemns. Why, for example, should it be necessary, in urging the need for rational and broad-minded education, to sneer at Greek because it is a dead tongue? But such small defects scarcely detract from the interest of a most remarkable book. No bird's-eye view of a nation that we know has a keener imaginative insight. The Socialism which Mr. Wells uses as his touchstone is no abstract dogma, but merely the antithesis of his "State-blindness," the sense of a supreme corporate duty. We should call it "patriotism" for clearness' sake, but any man is free to make his own definitions. The book is illuminating in the fullest sense, a criticism not only of America, but of all civilized society, and it is written in a style which is always attractive and rises now and then to uncommon beauty and power. For Mr. Wells is as much poet as sociologist. He sees his data not greyly set out on a laboratory table, but touched with the eternal mystery of human hopes and fears.

The first impression is one of tremendous material size. The immense population, growing at an unprecedented rate, is yet strung out in so vast a country that America may be said to be thinly settled. The second, according to Mr. Wells, is of the strange simplicity of it all. The social relationships are all elementary and uncomplicated, the problems those of a modern middle-class individualistic society. "It is the central part of European organism without either the dreaming head or the subjugated feet." The State, in the view of such individualism, is something to be escaped from, to be kept at arm's length. Every man is to have a fair chance to get rich; but beyond insuring such a barren liberty, the State has no further claim on him or duty toward him. Such an attitude in the long run defeats its own purpose. "Patriotism has become a mere national self-assertion, a sentimentality of flag-cheering, with no constructive duties." Great fortunes carry no social responsibilities, and, moreover, since it is part of the theory of American politics not to interfere with the individual, vast accumulations are permitted, and become permanent centers for the further concentration of wealth. The result is that the traditional "equality or opportunity" is disappearing. Large

sections of the American public "are developing the consciousness of an expropriated class." The unsocial character of great wealth is not redeemed by vast spasmodic benefactions. Of these and of their makers Mr. Wells gives a series of witty, biting sketches. These great magnates are not unscrupulous bandits, though their methods may smack of brigandage. They are the products of the "ignoble tradition which links economy and earning with piety and honor," because in that moral country one lust, the lust of acquisition, has been raised to the pinnacle of a virtue. As specimens of half-kindly, half-contemptuous, and most incisive character-study, we commend Mr. Wells's portraits of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller and his brother-millionaires, and, best of all, his picture of Mr. Morgan Richards. Having diagnosed this irresponsible individualism, which he calls "State-blindness," as the worm in the bud of American success, Mr. Wells set himself to look for its results. He found the condition of child and woman labor to resemble on a greater scale England before the Factory Acts. How, indeed, he asks, could it be otherwise, for the American theory of liberty, that all men are free and equal, assumes as its corollary that they are all "adult and immortal," and well able to look after themselves? There are 1,700,000 children under 15 years of age toiling in mines and factories. "This is the bottommost end of the scale that at the top has all the lavish spending of Fifth Avenue, the joyous wanton giving of Mr. Andrew Carnegie."

Such are some of Mr. Wells's conclusions, and they are confirmed by a score of authoritative American writers. Reform is difficult, because the country is in the grip of the most unworkable, cast-iron Constitution ever devised by the wit of man, and a political system which reproduces the qualities of the mercantile. On the question of corruption Mr. Wells is tolerant. The average American is "fundamentally honest, but a little confused ethically." To put it fairly, he is "commercialized" all round. Where everyone is intent on business, there is no one left to watch the politicians. This individualism run mad is the spiritual drawback from which the nation is suffering. She has also two very concrete difficulties in the way of her future—the immigrants and the colored population. Nearly a million newcomers enter the country annually, most of them the sweepings of Eastern Europe—laborers, not economically independent settlers. Mr. Wells thinks that America is ceasing to absorb this influx. On the colored question he seems to despair of a solution. Unlike Mr. Booker Washington, who wishes the colored race to have its own culture and opportunities, but to remain distinct from the white, Mr. Wells advocates a merging of the two peoples. In this chapter the general good sense of his criticism is largely at fault. He is judging the present by too abstract and sublimated a standard, and we are certainly on the side of Mr. Washington. But he does well in calling attention to the heroism of the task which the colored leaders have set themselves:

"Whatever America has to show in heroic living to-day, I doubt if she can show anything finer than the quality of the resolve, the steadfast effort hundreds of black and colored men are making to-day to live blamelessly, honorably and patiently, getting for themselves what scraps of refinement, learning and beauty they may, keeping their hold on a civilization they are grudged and denied."

The other side—the non-mercantile cultured people

of Boston and the Universities—Mr. Wells thinks a little blind to the world around them. In Boston he is very unhappy: "canned culture" does not agree with him, and "the frozen stride" of the Nike of Samothrace—whose autotype is omnipresent on Boston walls—pursues him into his dreams. He does not care for "pleasant ladies in chaste, high-necked, expensive dresses, and refined, attentive, appreciative, bald or iron-grey men." Culture in America he finds too old, too self-satisfied, too mellow. It seems as if the mind of the world was dead, and all that was left was a distribution of souvenirs. America has too long an historical perspective. The older nations close up theirs from time to time and begin again, but she goes back without a break to the War of Independence. Her crying need, he says in a paradox which is more than half a truth, is that she should as a nation be brought up to date and democratized.

It is a striking piece of candid, kindly meant, if unkindly expressed, and trenchant criticism. And yet Mr. Wells is hopeful. There is a nation in America, neither capitalist nor proletariat, hidden away behind the magnates and the "bosses" and the cultivated *dilettanti*. The first need is political reform, that the State may come to its own again. Everywhere from the Universities are coming forth young men, trained in a nobler tradition, who have the true civic sense—very different from "the young men of enterprise and sound Baptist and business principles who were the backbone of the irresponsible commercial America of yesterday, the America that rebuilt Chicago on 'floating foundations,' covered the world with advertisement boards, gave the great cities the elevated railroads, and organized the trusts." For the American is a creator, a bold and splendid maker, and some day he must turn his powers to the making of a better State. America is becoming critical, and hot with the passion for reform. When, indeed, he has said all the hard things that his conscience compels him to say, we find that Mr. Wells is at heart keenly appreciative. "In America, by sheer virtue of its size, its free traditions, and the habit of initiative in its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest." Above all, there is an unfailing fount of optimism, without which no national endeavor can succeed. He tells of a conversation with Mr. Roosevelt, when the President combated the pessimism which sees no hope of ultimate progress for humanity. "That doesn't matter now. The effort's real. It's worth going on with." We may quote, in conclusion, this passage on the greatest of living Americans:

"I can see him now and hear his unmusical voice saying, 'The effort—the effort's worth it,' and see the gesture of his clenched hand and the—how can I describe it?—the friendly peering snarl of his face, like a man with the sun in his eyes. He sticks in my mind at that, as a very symbol of the creative will in man, in its limitations, its doubtful adequacy, its valiant persistence amidst perplexities and confusions. He breaks out, assertive against his setting—and his setting is the White House with a background of all America. I could almost write, with a background of all the world; for I know of no other a tithe so representative of the creative purpose, the *goodwill* in men as he. In his undisciplined hastiness, his limitations, his prejudices, his unfairness, his frequent errors, just as much as in his force, his sustained courage, his integrity, his open intelligence, he stands for his people and their kind."

We have placed in detail before our readers Mr. Wells's outlook on America, and defined his point of view; but it must not be supposed that it is altogether ours. Though we endorse his demand for reform in many directions, we are bound to condemn his frequent exaggerations, the shrillness, nay feverishness, of his criticism, and his want of a sense of proportion. He is essentially a dealer in generalizations, and generalizations in gross are often unjust and always misleading. He says many true things about the United States, but his picture as a whole is false. It is not a malicious caricature, but is none the less a caricature, and will, we fear, do a great deal of harm if not corrected. We would ask his American readers to remember that the book is essentially the ap-

preciation of a critic whose quick, nay febrile, imagination is always tending to lead him into overstatement. If we may parody the saying of the Frenchman: "Splendide, magnifique—what you call 'pretty good,'" it would run in the case of Mr. Wells: "Horrible, appalling—what you call 'not wholly satisfactory.'" Americans must remember also that if Mr. Wells is critical of them, he is quite as critical and quite as pessimistic in regard to his own country and countrymen. We are represented as in quite as parlous a state as they are. That his criticism is good for us both we do not doubt. The noble horse of the State in both cases needs the Socratic gadfly to sting it into action, and to prevent it growing fat and lazy in its rich pastures.—*The Spectator.*

From the Top of the Campanile

BY B. R. BAUMGARDT

[The well-known Los Angeles lecturer and scientist who has been traveling in Europe for the last three months writes the following interesting description of his view and impressions from the Campanile in Florence, Italy.]

I cannot refrain from telling you of the glorious view or panorama confronting me. It is simply entrancing. Bearing in mind that there is no lake or running water—the Arno is almost dry and is not even visible—I think that I have never seen anything so beautiful.

I had to climb 414 steps to attain the summit of the tower, but I did not have to rest once on the way up. About half way up, an Italian cicerone offered me his services, which I declined. Later I was very pleased, however, when, after being on the top for half an hour, he appeared and volunteered his services a second time. There followed one of the most delightful hours I have had in Europe.

"The solemn roll of populous city's thunder" reaches me from below in a confused sort of way, while surrounding me in all directions are the beautiful Apennines, not unlike our California mountains. At my feet, 300 feet below, is the Baptistry dating from the sixth century, with the celebrated bronze gates by Ghiberti. As I stand here writing upon the balustrade, I see crowd replacing crowd in front of them. A popular saying attributes to Michael Angelo the statements that "the gates were fit to be placed at the entrance of Paradise." But I suppose I am a philistine, for the gates did not make any special impression on my mind. My artistic education must be defective and my artistic taste at fault. But, to tell the truth, I preferred infinitely the gates at the front facade of the cathedral of Milan. To me these gates were perfect and left nothing to be desired to satisfy whatever little artistic craving my mind may possess.

A little beyond the Baptistry is San Lorenzo Church, the chapel and final resting place of the Medicis. Its octagonal dome is not unlike that of the Duomo itself, which I can see by slightly turning my head. San Lorenzo contains the tombs of the Medicis with Michael Angelo's "Day and Night," and "Twilight and Dawn."

In the distance are the high hills of Vallombrosa, which I intend to climb tomorrow in order to obtain a "noble view of the Mediterranean." And yonder to the left is Fiesole, of which I have heard so much. I can see the whole length of the street, as straight as an arrow, which leads there.

The Duomo which obstructs my view in another

direction, is perhaps 200 feet away, and, I notice, is somewhat higher than the Campanile. It is indeed a separate dome, a fitting climax to Santa Maria del Fiore. The dome was one of Brunelleschi's great achievements. I visited the church itself this morning. The inside I thought quite simple and plain, but it proved a perfect treasure-house for art and for historical memories. It was Pope Boniface VIII who first commenced the building (1298) and whose orders were to "make it so magnificent that it could not be surpassed." It required nearly two hundred years for completion. In this church it was that a Greek emperor offered to become Roman Catholic, and Frederick II of Germany used to knight some of his rascally partisans.

But all this was long, long ago. And in the meantime I can see in the direction of Vallombrosa the beautiful church of Santa Croce—the Westminster Abbey of Florence. And what a Pantheon it is! I visited this church as soon as the doors opened this morning. In front I found a superb statue of Dante standing in the midst of an open square. The inside contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Raphael, as well as some of the distant relatives of Napoleon, whose tombs, it seems to me, are entirely out of place in this mausoleum to greatness. The tombs of a number of the dignitaries of the church have been deposited in a place where no harm can come to them—in the vaults below. The church

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contains, in addition, the tomb of the most illustrious man of his day, the immortal Galileo.

It was this that brought me to Santa Croce. Ever since I left Benice for Florence I have had echoing in my ears this sentence from Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." "The church pursued him beyond his (Galileo's) grave, refusing his friends their desire to erect a monument to his memory. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to pay this tribute to one of the world's greatest genii."

As I stood before the tomb of this great man, reflecting upon the vicissitudes of fame and of human life, a mass was being said for somebody's welfare in the Gardi chapel, not many feet away. The conclusions are obvious. Peace, peace to thee, Galileo. No masses, no, nor all the calumnies piled mountain high upon thy memory shall for one instant disturb thy eternal sleep. The names of those who are buried in the vaults below are long the property of oblivion, but thy name shall be spoken with veneration by generations upon generations in the centuries to come.

At the entrance I purchased some flowers which I placed upon Galileo's tomb as a silent tribute from the Astronomical Section in Los Angeles.

Beyond the Croce in the hills surrounding Florence I can make out Galileo's town and astronomical observatory. I shall visit it before leaving Florence. The Pitti Palace with its art treasures is not very far away on the other side of the Arno. Below me in the same direction is the Uffizi Palace and Gallery. More of both anon. And here is the Piazza della Signoria of which so much has been written. I knew it at once from the photographs I have seen of it. It was here that Savanola was burned at the stake four hundred years ago. The celebrated Neptune fountain stands on the very spot. The Piazza, which seems today to be the very center of Florentine life, is surrounded on one side by the Palazzo Beccio, which

was once the capital of republican Florence, and at another time served as a palace for one of its greatest tyrants, Cosmo.

The Loggia faces the Piazza on another side. Its proper name I find to be "Loggia dei Lanza," because it was built by Cosmo (in 1376) for his lancers, with whom he was plotting the overthrow of popular liberty. It is indeed, a very graceful arcade, containing some of the world's masterpieces in sculpture. Among others Cellini's "Perseus," Cologna's "Hercules" and Donatella's "Judith." These divine creations in marble are, indeed, an inspiration to any one who possesses any admiration for that which is beautiful in form and at the same time vivid in expression. Nevertheless I think that a little soap and water would do them a great deal of good. Or even a little sand-paper would not come amiss. I dare say my taste is poor and that their antique appearance forms a part of their artistic merit. Be this as it may, I assure you that they need washing very badly.

Someone has said that art in a nation can only reach perfection after that nation has passed the meridian of its intellectual greatness. I am inclined to believe that there may be some truth in that statement, especially when I see in Florence evidence of decay and symptoms of what Roosevelt calls "intellectual flabbiness" in all directions. When I think of the decrepitude of the people, the delapidated condition of their buildings, their utter disregard of animal suffering and their lack of attention in the public streets to the very first principles of public decency—when all these details come to my mind—I am bound to confess that the greatness of Florence is in her past and that her native social fabric is in a state of dissolution.

It is now an hour since my cicerone notified me that it was time to close the campanile. I bribed him with a lire to let me remain an hour longer. The hour is up, now, and I must descend my 414 steps.

How the Earthquake Revealed "Graft"

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

The more one wanders about among the heart-rending ruins and debris the more he is convinced that appalling as was the tremor, no conscientiously built structures would have suffered much at all—had it not been for the fire—the Kohl, Crocker, Trust, Shreve and other business edifices and the Palace, St. Francis and Fairmount hotels presenting evidences of this statement. As a matter of fact the Call building, which behaved as nobly as any structure in the city and which a majority of people believed would be broken in two, stands like an uninjured shaft in a field of desolate ruins; and had there been only earthquake and no conflagration, the presses and linotypes would have been running as well on the 19th of April as on the morning before. Quite a hundred people have said to me that they had expected to see portions of the Call building on the other side of Market street or in the Examiner ruins. Probably fifty thousand people, after having recovered from the sensations of the fatal shock, wondered where "the Call building 'was at'." I remember asking Mr. Brouell, a Palace Hotel clerk, who lived in the Western Addition with his family, what first came into his mind about the Palace, as he related to me how he had been rolled out of bed, but had speedily dressed himself and made a break for downtown; and his reply was: "Why, really the Palace never came into my mind; I knew it was all right,

but I wanted to see what had become of the Call building. I expected to see the iron part hanging over on one side or the whole tower thrown into the middle of the street. I tell you, there was no graft practiced in its construction."

Concerning graft, the ruins of the City Hall speak pathetically if not loudly of the dreadful sins of the architects and contractors of that costly pile. It makes the heart sad and sick as one looks upon this mighty ruin. Millions of dollars must have been stolen by some of the builders of this imposing—what shall I say?—"staff"; for it was seemingly flimsier than the "staff" buildings of the Paris and Columbian expositions. And I am reminded that I overheard a little old grim, gray person say to another, while the two were surveying the municipal wreck: "I do not believe in a hell; but I wish there were one, so that the contractors of that job might be punished for their damnable dishonesty!" I felt the same, and told the speaker so.

And while on this subject of graft and the appalling dishonesty of contractors and builders, burning at the stake is too good for the devil's own creatures who took three-quarters of a million of dollars from the State and erected such monstrous shells at Agnew that at the first vibration on the 18th they all fell into a mass of rubbish, killing 101 unfortunates and seriously maiming 166—267 in all out of the 1073 in-

sane inmates. Who that reads this wouldn't hope that there was a hell of everlasting fire and brimstone according to John the Revelator, with Belezebub in charge with supreme authority from Jehovah to roast his victims to a finish. And that chapel at Stanford University, where twenty odd millions have been given by the parents of Leland Stanford, junior, sacred to the memory of their dead son. Talk about graft and dishonesty, and "man's inhumanity to man." Why, the men who built the Call building and the Palace Hotel were angels compared to those builders of Agnew's hospital, the chapel at Stanford University and the San Francisco City Hall. Much more of the inscrutability of the destroying force fastened itself upon my reasoning faculties when I beheld the ruins of the demolished churches. According to Isaiah and the Psalmist, Wesley and Jonathan Edwards, of old, and two or three small-fry preachers of Los Angeles, the destruction of San Francisco was a visitation of Jehovah on account of the awful sinfulness of its inhabitants from these premises. I could readily comprehend therefore, why the edifices occupied by the money-lenders should have been everlasting piled into numberless heaps of brick-bats and tangled and twisted steel and iron; I marveled not that the Occidental and Palace hotels and other pretentious caravanserai that had been the resorts of Epicurean pilgrims of generally not immoderate gustatory desires, however, should have gone to pieces in the tremendous process of leveling; I was fully prepared to acknowledge the divine right of the destruction of the theaters and all others of the devil's playhouses; I positively understood why the iniquitous French restaurants—much the best eating-places in the world—and all other refectories were indiscriminately swept into repellent masses of nisaneed, how the gilded saloons and men's clubs, where nutrareous potations sometimes assuaged griefs and drove dull cares away with automobile celerity; the sweeping out of existence of hospitals and other eleemosynary institutions and the killing and maining of many of their inmates did not effete my wonder. But I was simply appalled at the complete and terrible destruction of the churches, that had been either knocked into smithereens by the tremor or burned into indistinguishable cinders by conflagration that followed. This awful mockery of goodness, of justice, of mercy, of gratefulness, I might say, staggered me and left my soul alone and estray.

When it occurred to Henry E. Huntington that a certain class of men might be forgotten, but who should not be, and he thrust his hands into pockets that had already been partly emptied from previous calls for relief and took therefrom \$25,000 to be used for the benefit of needy artists he performed a deed that elevated him very highly in the esteem of the writer and elicited much admiration of a commanding kind. It cannot be said to their disfavor that the majority of artists, however sometimes extravagantly renumerated for their productions, are proverbially improvident;—and our San Francisco artists have never been a conspicuous exception to that fact; and, as art treasures have not ruled high during the past ten or twelve years, that \$25,000, with \$10,000 added by Messrs. Sherman and Clark, and other additions, have kept many an artist out of the ravenous bread lines. This incident came to my mind vividly as I stood on Nob Hill by moonlight and realized that the devouring flames of the 19th swept away from four houses within a few hundred

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feet from my point of observation more than a million dollars worth of splendid paintings by San Francisco artists and never left as much as an ounce phial of their precious ash. There were fine works of the imitable Tavernier, of the graceful Virgil Williams, of the gifted Keith, and of those eminent delineators of Sierra and Rocky mountain scenery. Albert Bierstadt, Tom Hill and Thomas Moran, in the Stanfoul and Crocker mansions and in the Hopkins Institute. As only two of these artists are now living and one of them has laid down the brush forever, none of their own or other obliterated masterpieces

can be replaced, and I am often reminded, by the way, of the never dying fame over that of nearly all others, except say some illustrious commander, especially in Europe. For instance, can a dozen people in San Francisco present in a moment the names of the architects of the City Hall, the Mills building, the Call building and the Palace Hotel; or the builders of the steamer Solano, the Mint, the Ferry building and the Sutro baths? But who is there of age and polite information in San Francisco who has not heard of Jules Tavernier and Virgil Williams, of Albert Bierstadt and Tom Hill?

"By the Way"



Dr. Walter Lindley

Prophets at Sea.

There never was an election over which men were as hopelessly at sea as that which will be decided in Los Angeles next Tuesday. In a contest in which there should have been no partisanship, the strongest personal feelings have been aroused. Many of the Non-Partisans are just as blindly partisan in their advocacy of Gates as the most dyed-in-the-wool adherent to one of the old political parties. They are making just as extravagant claims for Gates as are the supporters of Lindley, Harper or Wilson. Dozens of "straw votes" have been taken, and every vote shows a different winner. The men on the street who are usually looked upon as credible prophets are hopelessly divided as to the result of next Tuesday's poll. The betting hitherto has favored Harper, the principal offer being "even money on Harper against the field." At this writing (Wednesday) I believe there are thousands of men who have not yet made up their minds how they will vote for the mayoralty. Their position is simply this: They are waiting to see which of the three candidates—Lindley, Harper or Gates—will develop the most strength, and will vote for the man most likely to lead against the one common and dangerous candidate—Stanley B. Wilson. In the meantime, while the situation is not without serious danger, it is regarded as "a sporting event"—almost as open a chance as, say, the annexation handicap at Ascot. My own judgment, while I ad-

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mit it is little more than "a long shot," is that the race is between Lindley and Harper, who will each poll within the neighborhood of 10,000 votes. I can see no chance of Gates polling more than 7,000, and do not believe Wilson's vote will be over 5,500. But I willingly admit that my prophecy may look foolish by next Tuesday night, although I am also satisfied it is just as good a one as the next man's. My only conviction in the matter is that Walter Lindley would make the best mayor of all the candidates, and that he is entitled to the support of all good citizens.

Of Most Importance.

While public attention is almost monopolized by the mayoralty contest, it is not easy to convince people of the actual truth that, with Stanley B. Wilson eliminated, the contests for the city council and for city attorney are really of more importance. The public utility corporations care very little who is elected mayor; their vital interest is to secure a city attorney who would not be quite so zealous for the people's interest and so eternally vigilant against corporation usurpation as has been Mr. W. B. Mathews, and they are still more anxious that a council should be elected composed of men who may prove amenable to their point of view and to their discipline. Leslie Hewitt, who has served for eight years in the city attorney's office, and for the last six years has been Mr. Mathews's right hand man is his logical successor. I have not even a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Hewitt, and therefore no personal consideration can enter into my advocacy of his candidacy. But I do know that he has proved a faithful and efficient public servant and am convinced that such service should be rewarded. Of more importance, however, is the consideration that Mr. Hewitt's long experience and excellent training in the city attorney's office have especially fitted him for the very important and responsible duties that are certain to accrue to that office during the next three years.

Betrayers.

A vote for Hiller, or Houghton, or Healy or Blanchard means a vote for a man who deliberately and wantonly betrayed his trust only a few months ago and was willing to grant an invaluable franchise to the Pacific Electric Railway for the asking. The careers of these men in the council have supplied ample and frequent demonstration that they don't care a hang for the rights or the interests of the people; that their masters are not the people but the agents of the public utility corporations. The average citizen has a poor memory. Events chase events with such celerity that the scandal of yesterday is obliterated by the sensations of today. But, surely, the people have not yet forgotten the impudent "river-bed franchise" and the shameless acquiescence of Hiller, Houghton, Healy and Blanchard thereto. These men committed political suicide. Only the forgetfulness or folly of the people can cause their resurrection. If you live in the Third, Sixth, Eighth or Ninth ward, remember that a vote for one of this precious quartet means a vote for a betrayer of the people.

Immaterial.

As the Graphic goes to press, the Times and the Express are indulging in a fearful fracas to discover which is the greater humbug of the twain. Both



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of these great religious dailies have for some weeks been straining themselves to ridiculous dimensions in order to blow off hot air to warm the causes of their respective candidates. I doubt if either of them has made much impression. Nothing is more tedious to the average intelligent reader than a newspaper feud, especially when newspapers quote each other's past opinions to refute their present. The Times made a stupid tactical error in taking the Express's straw vote seriously. I have yet to find anyone else who did so.

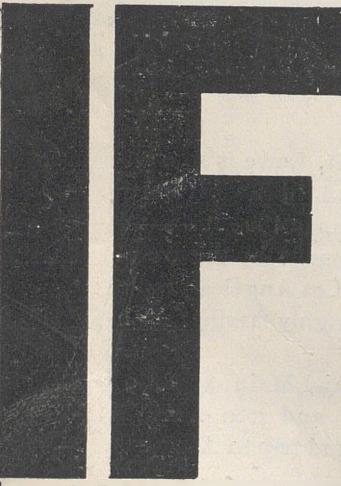
Gates's Own Argument.

Lee C. Gates, weeks ago, supplied the best argument why citizens, Non-Partisans or anyone else, should *not* vote for Lee C. Gates. He confessed he remained in the field against his own best judgment. He pointed out in the strongest terms the folly of both Dr. Lindley and himself remaining in the field. He himself advanced the necessity of some course by which one of the two should make room for the other. In all of which Mr. Gates showed excellent sense. The continuance of both Mr. Gates and Dr. Lindley in the field was the sheerest folly and inexcusable. But who is to blame? Certainly not Dr. Lindley, who at once gave his consent to the proposed arbitration, although the doctor thought that the board of arbitration, proposed by Harry Chandler, and endorsed by Lee Gates, was likely to decide in his rival's favor. It was Gates, and Gates, only, who made impossible the arbitration that he himself had endorsed. Therefore it is obvious that Gates and Gates only is responsible for the folly of jeopardizing vital public interests. If by hook or crook, Stanley Wilson were elected mayor of Los Angeles—of which calamity, however, there now seems no chance—one man would have to accept the chief burden of responsibility—Lee C. Gates. In such a crisis as presented itself to Mr. Gates—the gravity of which he so fully recog-

nized—men with the force of true leadership do not abandon their own judgment—the wisdom of their own decision—to other people. Mr. Gates chose to rely, not on his own good judgment, but on the whim of the Non-Partisan Executive Committee, who were blind enough to sacrifice the true essence of their cause by preferring the achievement of their personal plans and desires to the best interests of the community. Mr. Gates and some of his supporters are now raising the cry of "Patriotism versus Partyism" as voicing the true inwardness of this campaign. Who was the patriot, who was the partisan, when it came to "a show-down" between Gates and Lindley? Gates discovered that, against his own best judgment, he could not sacrifice the Non-Partisan party. Lindley at once expressed his willingness to meet the demand of patriotism by sacrificing his party. Gates himself supplies the strongest argument for voting for Walter Lindley next Tuesday.

Lindley for Mayor.

By the election of Dr. Walter Lindley as mayor of Los Angeles, next Tuesday, the city will have, for the first time in many years, at all events, an executive who thoroughly typifies the progressive spirit and the best citizenship of this most progressive city. Dr. Lindley has grown up with Los Angeles, has kept step with its most phenomenal growth. In almost every direction in which this city has spread and in which the influence for good in this community has been exercised, the activities of Walter Lindley are to be found. Both as a physician, at the top of his profession, and as a man of business, successful in every venture he has undertaken, Walter Lindley's record is one of active achievement. It is safe to say that no man's name has been more prominent in the philanthropic undertakings of this community during the last twenty years than Walter Lindley's. He has been a *builder*. Like other successful men who *do* things, he has been the target of men who



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have not been as successful. His very activities inevitably subjected him to criticism. But though a very furious campaign of criticism was directed against him some fourteen years ago by political opponents, he came through the ordeal completely vindicated, and the renewal of mudslinging during the past few weeks has had no other result than to discredit the mudslingers and to establish Walter Lindley more firmly than ever in the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. I do not propose to review here the many achievements of Dr. Lindley in this community during the last twenty years, nor do I propose to take further notice of the pop-gun assaults upon his character. The daily press has given us a surfeit of both during the last few days. All you and I care about is the establishment of the fact that Walter Lindley is thoroughly and especially equipped to be the mayor of Los Angeles, and that his election will be a credit to the city.

Of Metropolitan Measure.

Angelenos have been looking for just such a man as Walter Lindley to fill the executive's chair for many years. There is no occasion now to speak in disparaging terms of those gentlemen whose ambitions have led them to seek the office during the past few terms, but most of us will agree that none of them has been so thoroughly representative of the most progressive citizenship as Dr. Lindley. There have been political automata and political misfits in the mayor's chair; the position has been regarded as the climax of the politician's career, and the strongest men in the community have had no stomach for either. Dr. Lindley's candidacy marks a new era. Los Angeles is now a metropolis. Los Angeles now needs a man of metropolitan measure as her mayor. Walter Lindley is of just that measure.

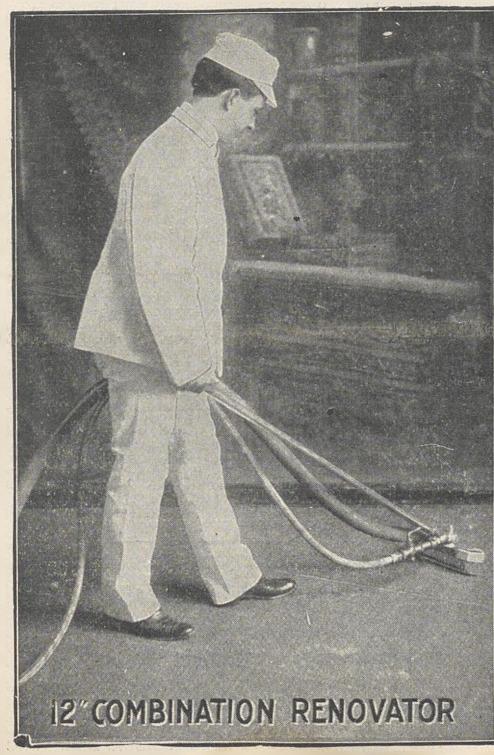
Will Do Things.

In the past few years the chief concern of our mayors has been to "save their own faces." They

have been so busy building and repairing their own political fences, either avoiding awkward situations by doing nothing or exaggerating their awkwardness by doing the wrong thing, that their terms have been marked by exceedingly negative or worse records. It is quite certain that at the end of a three-year term Dr. Lindley's record will be neither barren nor negative. He will have *done* things. He approaches the mayoralty with the same active enthusiasms that have distinguished his private, aggressive and successful career. If you know Dr. Lindley you will be satisfied that no negative career in the mayor's chair will ever satisfy him. His policy has already been announced as constructive. There are a dozen different directions in which an active and aggressive mayor can prove of great and lasting benefit to this community. Unless I entirely miss my guess Dr. Lindley's record as mayor will be just as forceful and vigorous and constructive as has hitherto been his private career. He will be no figurehead, no automaton. His one ambition will be to leave his mark as the best mayor Los Angeles has ever had, and I believe he will realize it.

B'nai B'rith Ball.

The elite of Jewish society is found in the membership of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, and their sixth annual ball, held at Levy's Tuesday night, was a notable event. All the appointments of the dance were of the most tasteful order and the various committees of Los Angeles Lodge No. 487 distinguished themselves. Over 200 couples enjoyed the excellent music, and the perfect floor of Levy's ballroom, which was used for the first time for dancing. The committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. M. J. Finkenstein, I. O. Levy, Joseph Loeb, Joshua H. Marks and Julius R. Black. Al Levy donated the use of the ballroom. The reception committee consisted of Messrs. M. J. Finkenstein, E. H. Roth, Sol Schiff, L. Gans, M. R. Newmark, A. H. Kornblum and Victor Harris. Before long Los Angeles will awake to the fact that Levy has the finest dane-



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ing floor in the city, on the third floor of the restaurant, and the place is doubly adapted to large balls on account of the easy solution of the refreshment problem.

Essence of Non-Partisanship.

The essence of non-partisanship is to escape from the hide-bound political parties, whose conventions are usually controlled not by the representatives of the people but by the agents of corporations or distinctive classes, and to secure the nomination of candidates who will represent not the interests of any class but the whole community. The Non-Partisan movement in Los Angeles was well conceived and its lines were carefully and surely laid. A glance at the personnel of the Committee of One Hundred proved that the organization thoroughly represents the sturdiest and the sanest interests of the community. Had the actions of the Non-Partisans been determined by a majority of that committee there can be no doubt that the organization would not have been steered into the unfortunate cul-de-sac in which it now finds itself. But, unhappily, the majority rule which is so typical of American institutions and essential to a movement of this kind, did not obtain. On the contrary, the policy of the organization was wholly entrusted to a comparatively small committee. That committee refused to recognize the gravity of the mayoralty situation and be guided by the best judgment and the wishes of their candidates. Their refusal to allow Mr. Gates to conclude negotiations by which either he or Dr. Lindley should withdraw seems to have been inspired by a blind adherence to their own plans of campaign—the desire to carry the Non-Partisan party's banner to victory, their own success—than by proper consideration of the best interests of the city. The proposed arbitration plan appealed in its simple sense to every unprejudiced mind in the city. It was frustrated only by the wilful obstinacy of the executive committee of the Non-Partisan committee. It was by this action, and this alone, that the Non-Partisan organization lost the complete confidence of many, including the Graphic, who had loyally supported it from the day of its birth.

Mudslingers.

One of the diversions of the city campaign has been the Times's assumption of the mantle of decency and charity in political warfare. It is such a very novel role for the Times to play. When one familiar with the Times's campaigns of personal assault reads a sentence like this, for instance: "As has been invariably the case, this dirty, foul and quite obsolete nastiness in politics is bringing thousands of voters to the candidate whom the mudslinging was expected to injure." The Times certainly should know. In the past it has been the prince of mudslingers, but I rejoice to recognize this magic change of heart. E. Tobias Earl is as yet an apprentice at mudslinging,

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and will never be eminent even in that direction, because he slings mud only at men's backs, and then only when they are out of reach.

Charter Amendments.

The eight amendments to the city charter to be voted upon next Tuesday, are as follows:

I. Raising the pay of the Health Officer from \$200 a month to \$300, the City Engineer from \$3,000 a year to \$5,000, and the Secretary of the Board of Public Works from \$1,500 to \$2,400. No attempt was made to raise the salaries of elective officers, for the reason that such raise could not be made operative (under the State Constitution) during the ensuing term of three years, and two years hence we shall have a chance to make over the entire charter, and such changes may be carefully considered at that time. Taking into account the increase of the cost of living during the last few years and the value of the services rendered by the Health Officer, the City Engineer and the Secretary of the Board of Public Works, there is good reason why these increased salaries should be endorsed.

II. Extending to the Board of Public Works the same power that is now enjoyed by the School and Library and Water boards, of direct control over their business affairs in all matters that relate to the expenditure of bond money. This has particular reference to the Owens River undertaking, and brings that enterprise to the same general system of business economy and directness that prevails with respect to the present water business. Also this amendment includes a provision for a disbursing officer who can make payments for labor and supplies along the line of the conduit instead of at the Treasurer's

office in Los Angeles. This officer must give a bond for twice the amount that will ever be entrusted to him, and provision is made for a frequent and careful checking of his accounts. Vote "Yes."

III. An amendment to the civil service law exempting the Secretary of the Board of Public Works from civil service—just as all other first deputies or confidential secretaries are exempt—and providing for an exemption rule to be used wherever necessary in the future. This provides that when the head of a department—which includes, of course, an executive board—desires an exemption made, he or they must first apply to the Civil Service Board. If that Board votes for the exemption, the matter then goes up to the City Council. If two-thirds of the latter body consents to the exemption, it is made permanent, subject to revocation at any time by the Civil Service Commission. But the provisions of this article are limited to four classes of persons: 1st, the

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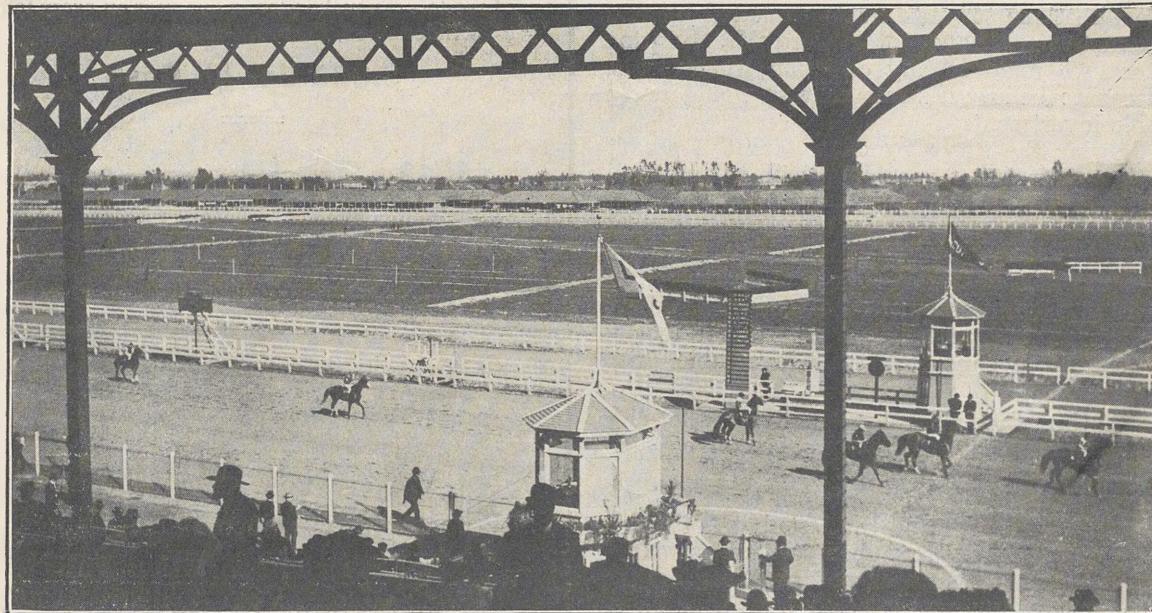
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first and second deputies of departments; 2nd, unskilled laborers; 3rd, persons employed in construction work done with bond money, and 4th, those employed to render professional, scientific, technical or expert service of an occasional character. It is believed that with all these limitations the power to make exceptions may be safely entrusted to the Civil Service Commission and the Council.

IV. Decreases the quorum of the Board of Education from six to five. The total membership of the Board is seven. This amendment is necessary for the expedition of the board's heavy business. When the board formerly consisted of nine members, the necessary quorum was six. In reducing the number of trustees the charter amenders neglected to reduce the size of the quorum. That oversight should now be corrected.

V. Limits the removal of appointed officers to incompetency, neglect of duty or malfeasance in office. This amendment is ingeniously constructed to emasculate the "recall" which no honest or efficient official need ever fear. It would also tie the hands of the executive and make it difficult for him to remove, say, a police commissioner who prostituted the duties of his office. Vote "No."

VI. Gives Council the right to grant franchises extending up to the year 1940 (at which time our general street car system franchises will terminate) instead of limiting them to twenty-one years as at present. Any franchise that is proposed to run beyond that year must be submitted by Council to the people. Of course all franchises are subject to the referendum. There has been considerable difference of opinion on this question, and it is only fair and in consonance with the principles of direct legislation that this difference should be decided by popular vote. It is claimed that the twenty-one year limitation has prevented the extension of street railways in certain directions towards tracts exploited by real estate promoters. I have not noticed Mr. Huntington's refusal to build in any direction wherever he found reason to believe a street railway would prove a profitable investment.

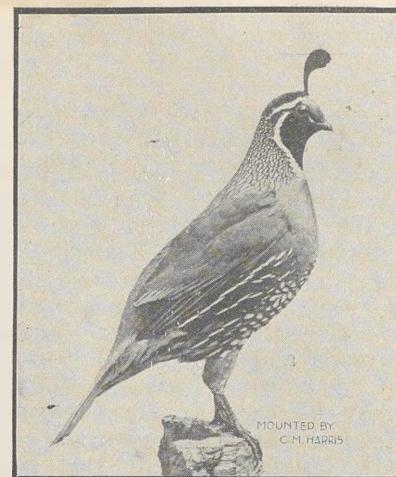
VII. Allowing the City Council to grant a permit without time limit, but revocable at will, to any company now carrying passengers to carry freight under restrictions, and by payment to the city of certain recompense. A large freight business is now being conducted by the electric railways through the city's streets. It is a business certain to grow to incalculable proportions. At present the city is not receiving one cent of revenue from this invaluable privilege.

VIII. Allowing Council to re-subdivide the city into wards up to fifteen, and to provide for councilmen from new wards. Vote "No."

The Graphic is disposed to favor all these amendments excepting the fifth and the last, both of which seem to me ill-considered and open to manifest dangers. The last amendment was not proposed by the charter committee, but was selected from a batch of half-baked, inchoate ideas submitted by an august political remnant known as the Voters' League.

Without Character or Influence.

William Randolph Hearst is not a candidate for the mayoralty of Los Angeles. Therefore the Examiner is supporting no candidate for the mayoralty. In all seriousness, however, I cannot believe that Mr. Hearst would countenance the indecent exposure



We Have
the Largest
Fur and
Taxidermy
Establishment
in the
Southwest

Big Game Heads, Fur Rugs, Mexican Goods, Curios,
Mounted Birds and Mammals. We call special attention
to our line of Ready to Wear Fur Garments. We make,
remodel, clean and store Furs. Anything you want in
Taxidermy and Fur. Finest place in the Southwest.
Call and see us.

HARRIS & JENKS
TAXIDERMISTS AND FURRIERS
1015 S. Main St. 1018 S. Broadway Home F 277

Fifty Lots next to Huntington's
great car barn on the Eagle
Rock Line. In the city--in the
city--12 minutes out.

Investors can make \$400 in one year on every lot.
Sidewalked, Curbed, Graded, City Water

\$1000 Up--All Cash

W. B. Burrows
Investments
501 Merchants Trust Building
Home Phone 2617

Q We are now showing (our
specially selected English
and Scotch importation, Fall
and Winter, 1906-'07.

BARRÉ & VAN PELT
244½ SOUTH BROADWAY

of abject cowardice that Heine Lowenthal is making in his paper during the present campaign. A newspaper that has not the courage of its convictions is surely destined to failure. Nobody believes that the Examiner has no convictions as to who should be the next mayor of Los Angeles. Uncle Heine's chief conviction, however, is that he must do anything, everything, or nothing—to hold his job. He had not been ninety days in Los Angeles before he proved himself absolutely devoid of a spark of honest manhood or the courage of an infant. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that after two years of his "superintendency" of the Examiner the paper is occupying a most cowardly and contemptible position. Stanley B. Wilson stands for precisely those fallacies and delusions of which Hearst everywhere else is the most vociferous champion, but because Lowenthal fears that by the espousal of Wilson's cause the Examiner might lose advertising patronage, he places the paper in the most ridiculous position of supporting nobody and standing for nothing in a campaign that directly involves vital principles. And this fear of losing advertising is in reality a bugaboo. The merchant may fume and fuss concerning the policy of a newspaper, but in reality his advertising investments are not in the least guided by a newspaper's policy as long as its circulation is sufficient and its advertising charges reasonable enough to convince him that he is getting value for the money invested. It is a mighty poor policy as well as the essence of moral cowardice for a publisher to refrain from expressing his convictions in his editorial columns because of his fear of the effect of those expressions upon his advertising columns. A newspaper without character is bound also to be without influence. A newspaper with neither character nor influence is certain to lose circulation, however sensational its "stories" and however attractive its "dress." Uncle Heine has the wisdom of the serpent which swallows its own tail.

Dreams of Wealth.

Within the last week no less than three men, all citizens of sober sense and calm judgment, have eagerly informed me that they had "the biggest gold mine in the world." The lure of gold is as irresistible in California today as it was fifty years ago, and men still nourish big hopes of wresting riches from Mother Earth at small cost. Be a man a chief of the plunderbund or a most fervent apostle of Socialism, the promise of ore is equally alluring. Among the most sanguine of the recent discoverers of gold is Gaylord Wilshire, who is due in Los Angeles this week. If Mr. Wilshire draws from his mine a tithe of what he anticipates, he will indeed be able to call himself the "millionaire Socialist" without anyone questioning his capital. He sends me photographs of himself and of the Bishop Creek Gold Company's property near Bishop, Inyo county. Wilshire is secretary and treasurer of the company, and is quite as enthusiastic concerning the prospects of his mine as he is about the coming "revolution." He says: "We have the biggest mine in the world here—500,000,000 tons of ore. One claim is 2,000 feet high, 1,500 feet long and 1,000 feet wide—all solid ore. Our foreman picked up a chunk of rock at my feet which assayed \$1,400 to the ton." Wilshire does not say who did the assaying. Suppose this mine were to make Gaylord Wilshire the richest man in the world, with more millions of capital than John D. Rockefeller! Would it not be the most instruc-

Corinth Heights

Finest Elevation in the Southwest

SPLENDID INVESTMENT

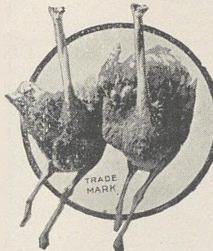
ONE-FOURTH ACRE LOTS FOR \$300, \$400, \$600

\$10 Down—\$10 A Month

Three Car Lines, 25 Minutes
From Business Center.

WINTON & McLEOD CO.

Ex. 546 330 South Hill Street Main 6278



WE SELL OSTRICH FEATHERS

Tips, Plumes, Fans, Muffs, Boas, Stoles, etc. A magnificent \$50,000 stock from which to select.

Repair Department All repair work is handled by the same skilled operators who manufacture our new goods. All repair work promptly and properly executed.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

Phones: C 9078,
East 1973

South Pasadena, Cal.

M. de Haaff

Commercial Photographer

SPECIALTIES:—Artist's Proofs, Interiors and Exteriors, Flash Light Orders for Magazine and Booklet Work Solicited.

Room 399 Wilcox Annex,
Home 6040 Second and Spring Sts.

Robert Sharp & Son

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Home F } 1029
Main }

820 South Main Street



"One Price and Right Price."

Williamson Piano Co.

BEHR SHONINGER HARDMAN
MCPhAIL ARRINGTON
HENSEL

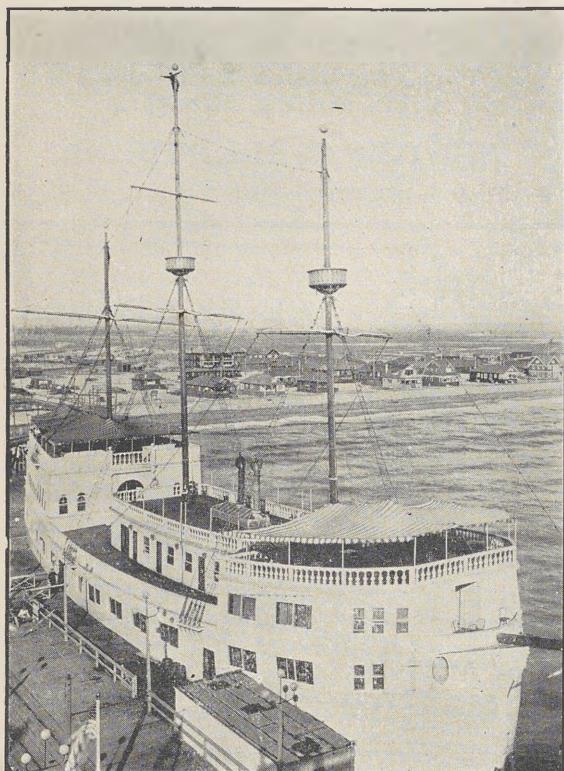
"Hardman Autotone"

STANDARD SEWING MACHINE AGENCY

327 S. Spring St.

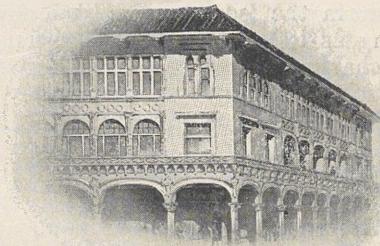
The Lawton Company's Ship Cabrillo, Venetian Gardens, and Hotel St. Mark

VENICE OF AMERICA



THE GOOD SHIP CABRILLO, modeled after Christopher COLUMBUS' flagship in which he made his immortal voyage to the West, is equipped as a model restaurant Cuisine and attendance the best—the most unique restaurant in America.

FRANK LAWTON
President and General Manager



ST. MARK, the Best Seaside Hotel on the Coast. Modeled after the Famous Venetian Structure. Its Accommodations are Unexcelled.



VENETIAN GARDENS AND AUDITORIUM. Above the dashing waves, is the Most Comfortable and Capacious Auditorium in the West. The Gardens are Veritable Bowers of Beauty. Free Concerts by Chiaffarelli's Band.

tive thing in the world to see what this apostle of Socialism would do with it? I have no doubt that the next issue of Wilshire's Magazine will fully explain his ambitions, and therefore I will not anticipate his dreams.

A Mountain of Copper.

From all I hear, the territory in the vicinity of Owens River is certain to disclose tremendous mineral wealth. My good friend, Gus Lang, a few months ago stumbled on a mining proposition in Inyo county, which he is satisfied will produce untold wealth. He believes that he and the Franciscos own a mountain of copper so rich and so easily mined that it will wrest the kingdom of copper from W. A. Clark. I hope most sincerely Mr. Lang's confidence is well founded.

Plenty of "Suckers."

In the meanwhile we have only to look at the advertisements in the Sunday papers to realize what immense sums of money are being squandered, or at least hazarded, in mining stocks. Nor are these advertisements confined to local papers. You can hardly pick up a newspaper of any prominence and not discover therein pages of exuberant advertising describing the great fortunes that are to be made by the investment of a few dollars in some company or other alleged to be operating in Goldfield. During the last few years the public has been read such unmistakable lessons from Wall Street that the small investor has fought shy of the stock market. It is evident that a large share of loose money is finding its way into the pockets of professional promoters of mining companies. How men can be lured into investing their hard-earned money in property of which they know nothing, controlled by men of whom they are totally ignorant, is only explicable by the insane but prevalent desire "to get rich quick." Many of these mining companies are the sheerest and most impudent frauds. But that their promoters are able to reap rich harvests of easy money is obvious enough. I asked a well-established and reliable mining broker the other day how such men could afford the large outlay on newspaper advertisements in Chicago and New York. He replied that for every hundred dollars that they invested in judicious advertising at least a thousand dollars would come back to them in a very few days through the mails, and he believed that, on an average, ninety cents out of every dollar invested goes straight into the promoters' pockets. The responsibility that newspapers assume by the publication of such advertising is a grave one, and yet how is it possible for them to separate the promoting sheep from the goats? Obviously it is impracticable for a newspaper publisher to investigate the authenticity of the claims made by every advertiser. Many of the advertisements, however, are so transparently fraudulent that they should not escape the eye of the experienced and honest publisher.

Harriman and Public Ownership.

What's this? Mr. Edward H. Harriman, absorber-in-chief of the nation's railroads in favor of public ownership? This, at least, was the first impression gathered from the headlines over an interview with the accumulative Mr. Harriman the other day. But on further examination of what Mr. Harriman actually said his expression was not quite so radical as it seemed. He believes that the people should own

On Rim of Grand Canyon, Arizona.



- ¶ There is nothing so marvelous as the works of nature—
- ¶ No work of nature is more wonderful than the Grand Canyon—
- ¶ No hotel affords better accommodations than El Tovar—
- ¶ There is only one way to get there—

Santa Fe

CHRISTOPHER'S
CONFECTIONERY

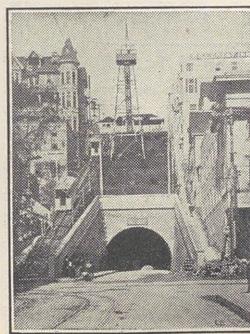
IS LIKED BY
ALL

Because it is just
a little better than
any other you
ever had.

341 S. Broadway
241 S. Spring St.

You Should Have a
BILLIARD TABLE

In Your Home
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Everything in Billiards.
331-333 East Third Street
Temporary Quarters



Have You Visited

The Angels Flight?

Cor. Third and Hill St.

Most unique pleasure resort
in the world. Pavilion, Park
and Observation Tower.
Fares 5c with liberal ticket
Reductions.



Fitzgerald, Black & Co.

Eastern Races by Wire. All tracks where Racing

is in Progress. Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central avenue car line

Home Phone 572 Main 57

Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets



LOVERS OF GOOD PURE BEER

Get in the habit of calling for... **"San Diego"**

None better in all the land

San Diego Brewing Company 1353 Willows Street

To Give You

A delicious Port we spare neither time nor expense in producing the **Good Samaritan Port Wine**. \$1.00 a bottle. Never sold in bulk.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.

So. 447 Sprng St. 518 So. Main Street

the railroads of the country by investing in railroad stocks. So childlike and bland, isn't it? When the supply of stock to be distributed among the dear people runs low, by a stroke of the pen Mr. Harriman will manufacture some more, and continue to manipulate it for the personal benefit of himself and his inside circle. If Mr. Harriman continues on his present course he will soon control every railroad in the United States. With such an ambition in view naturally he would like to control the people's money also. Wise people are not investing in railway stocks, just now, except for gambling purposes. It is only a few months ago since Mr. Harriman gave investors in railway stocks a very practical lesson as to how he could manipulate the dear people's money to his own advantage. And now having digested that succulent piece of pie, he comes up smiling and asking the dear people for more. And with such an ingenious excuse, too!

Versatile.

If you saw "The College Widow" at the Mason this week, you could not have missed the tutor as played by John Beresford Hollis, who has had that part for five years past. Mr. Hollis on the street is the most pronounced Englishman imaginable. A few years ago, and he would have been rubbered at, from one end to the other of Spring street, but now we have grown accustomed to variety. With all the extreme characteristics he is a most winning fellow, even if he does wear white spats. Hollis is a cousin of Lord Charles Beresford, the "Bob" Evans of the British navy.

Morosco-Montrose Enterprise.

Manager Oliver Morosco of the Burbank has a new indulgence of wealth. He has become addicted to poetry writing, and now dashes off a few stanzas whenever Maestro Montrose composes a new song. "Little Papoose," sung by Marquis Ellis, is one example of this joint authorship. The lines of the verses were not so bad, but truth demands that the fact be known that the music was better.

Cordon Bleu Naud.

My friend, you had better dig up a member of the Gamut Club and work him for an invitation to the next club dinner which will be on the evening of December 5. Even if you do not care for musicians and artists and writers and singers, by all means get that invitation. Ed Naud is to be the host and is to have some dishes that will be memorable. He is to direct their preparation, and the dinner generally!

Sighing for Cas.

Who would think that a very proper and dignified family well known here would come to the deplorable depths of eating welsh rarebit for a six o'clock dinner? Such happened in two homes I know, on Monday last, and would happen again in case of another gas famine. In both families the idea was religiously held that nothing but a welsh rarebit could possibly be cooked on a chafing dish! Which reminds me that I have a turkey in cold storage for next Friday, but unless it is cooked limb by limb in the brick-oven rigged up in the back yard, I fear it is useless to disembalm the bird.

Practical.

One lady who had been through the park existence in San Francisco refugee days when the gas petered

out was immediately at home. She went out in the backyard of her residence, picked up six brick, laid them in the form of a fireplace to support a kettle, gathered some scrap wood, and in five minutes she had her dinner well under way, while the neighbors were trying to break down the telephone wires with profanity directed at the gas company's office.

Off the Road.

Harry C. Fitzgerald, who piloted "The Bishop's Carriage" through the West and into Los Angeles, has joined the press gang, taking a place on the Examiner. Fitzgerald is a capable advance man, which generally means a good newspaper writer.

Cartoonists' Feet.

A "Puzzled Inquirer" writes to ask me what is the matter with our local newspaper artists and their preposterous "pedal extremities." By the latter term I presume he or she means "feet." Come to think of it, none of the cartoonists and caricaturists of the local press can draw an ordinary pair of feet. Are Herriman, Gale, Strathmore, McDowell, Bobby Brook and the rest all sufferers from corns or gout, or do they patronize some very extraordinary shoemaker? It would seem as if all these bright young men fashion their feet after the style so familiar to the student of Zimmerman's comic sketches, in which he was accustomed to make the feet of a negro of enormous latitudinal and longitudinal dimensions. Personally I never saw a pair of feet or shoes on any living man such as our local artists are in the habit of giving their victims. In other directions these bright young men usually hit their mark, but in the drawing of feet a child in the third grade could give them lessons.

Pure Patriotism.

I hope Carnegie's hero-hunter, who has been in California lately, had a good look at Francis J. Heney, the man who has made possible the prosecution of San Francisco's municipal grafters. Frank Heney is well known in Los Angeles, especially by the men who have lived in Arizona and who knew him there. Ask Col. Epes Randolph, J. J. Mellus or Major John H. Norton, and they will tell you that a braver and better man than Frank Heney does not breathe. In these days of pessimism such an example of pure patriotism as Heney's work presents is an inspiration. The prevalent impression is that Heney is being paid large fees for his work in San Francisco. As a matter of fact, he is not receiving one cent. Here is his personal statement:

"I met Rudolph Spreckels on Fillmore street one day and he asked me when I would be ready to take up the investigations, as I had been thinking of doing. I told him that I had one more trip to make to Portland in connection with a land fraud case and that I would then be ready.

"I then inquired about a fund to pay the expenses of the work. Mr. Spreckels said that some of the men who had volunteered to contribute had changed their minds. Later he came to me and informed me that the necessary money would be available. On my return from the North we began laying our plans for the work we have been carrying on and for what is now before us.

"At no time has there been a word about any fee for myself. I am not to receive a cent for my services. I have engaged in this battle for civic decency as a public-spirited citizen. I have lived in



The Quality Store

Boys' Top Coats and Overcoats

New Arrivals

Handsome Patterns, Nobby Styles, and Pleasing Beauties as usually shown by :: ::

Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.
FIRST AND SPRING

For a "Square Deal", in Real Estate, Loans and Insurance—Better See Us!

Denker-Mesmer & Maier
442 Douglas Building
Home 3922

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

REACHES ALL POINTS OF INTEREST INCLUDING THE BEAUTIFUL CITY PARKS

WESTLAKE PARK—Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.

EASTLAKE PARK—Take Eastlake Park Line or Downey Avenue Line.

ELYSIAN PARK—Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

HOLLENBECK PARK—Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

SOUTH PARK—Take San Pedro Street Line.

CHUTES PARK—Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS—Eastlake Park, and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents

Cars start from Hotel Angelus, Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included.

Phone Main 900

No Half Fares

BULBS For the House and Conservatory

**BULBS for the Amateur Gardener
BULBS for Private and Public Gardens
BULBS for Outdoor Planting**

OUR long experience with Bulbs and Seeds in California and the southwest enables us to make selections from Foreign and Domestic garners calculated to meet the conditions of soil and climate to produce the best results in the above territory. At it for 36 years—established 1871. Our new catalogue of Dutch and other Bulbs is now ready. Send for a copy, it's free. Our new edition of Guide to the Gardner is now in the hands of the printers; send us your name for a copy, it is **free**.

GERMAIN SEED CO.
326-30 S. Main St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I GROW HAIR

I CURE all Scalp Diseases, stop Falling Hair, prevent Baldness, grow Ladies' and Children's Hair rapidly. I FURNISH out-of-town people home treatment. (Question blank and particulars for stamp.)

Prof. C. A. CARLOW, Specialist
Rooms 425-426 Citizens National Bank Bldg.,
Cor. 3d and Main Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
Consultation Free 8 to 5



You are cordially requested to inspect my Fall and Winter Importations. Nobby effects at Moderate prices.

W. H. ROUTZAHN

314 West Third

this city since I was four years old, excepting the period I spent in Arizona. I love San Francisco. I love the climate and the people of the city. I shall live and die here.

"I have an offer to join a law firm in New York, where I could make four times as much money as I have ever earned here. I have many warm friends in the East and I could enter the field there with strong influences assisting me. But I am not over-hungry for money, and I want above all to spend my life in San Francisco. I have enough money now to live comfortably and I am not asking for very much more.

"I am not in politics in any shape or manner and I am not in frantic pursuit of money. It is difficult for some people to realize this, and that is why they are at sea as to my motives and ascribing all sorts of reasons for my crusade.

"I saw that conditions were becoming intolerable and that a continuance of graft and boodling mean disaster for San Francisco. The corruption had so weighed upon the city that it was staggering. I spoke my sentiments freely and the public-spirited men who have money came to my aid.

"I repeat that I am not to have a cent for my work. I am willing to give a year of my life to it. The pride that I may feel in laboring for the welfare of my city will be sufficient reward.

"The fund that was raised by the citizens is being expended in the gathering of evidence and like expenditures. The only emolument that will come to me is the salary of an assistant District Attorney and that I will offer to the man who had to give way to me that I might be clothed with the authority of a prosecuting official. To tell the truth, I don't know now the amount of that stipend."

With His Typewriter.

Eight years or so ago Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis cabled to his newspaper from the Philippine Islands that he had emulated the great Julius Caesar and had "crossed the Rubicon." His facetious contemporaries promptly pointed out that he had his typewriter under his arm. It seems that during the late Oriental expedition history repeated itself. By the way, I am glad to hear, "the General" is recovering and is expected home before Christmas.

Press Agent's Masterpiece.

I have frequently alluded to John Blackwood's prowess as a press agent, but even his sublimest effort is surpassed by the following:

"Lillian Vera Smithereen, in the chorus of the 'Boulevardier Burlesquers' at the Magnifique theater this week, is the only woman proprietor of a unicorn farm in the world.

"Before Miss Smithereen ever thought of going before the footlights she had built up a great institution for the propagation of unicorns, which is the only institution of its kind ever organized.

"I was led to invest in this peculiar enterprise," said Miss Smithereen yesterday in her dressing-room, "through a chance remark of my old friend and schoolmate, King Edward. The emperor of Abyssinia had just presented the king with a magnificent lion and Edward remarked in my presence that if he only had a unicorn to go with it he would have a fine living emblem of the British nation.

"Let me supply the missing member of the happy family," I said, for I happened to have a pet unicorn which I had raised on my estates in Australia.

"The king readily assented, and I gave him the unicorn. The two animals made a great hit at Buckingham Palace and there was immediately a demand among the nobility for pet unicorns. I thereupon turned my estates over to the business of breeding unicorns and I now produce more than 1,000 annually. The demand keeps up because of the fact that the lion eats the unicorn on an average of every seventeen days and the unicorn has to be 'renewed.' A unicorn brings on the market from \$2,000 to \$8,000, according to the specimen. So you see the business is a profitable one."

"Miss Smithereen has adopted the stage as a career purely through choice, the \$15 a week which she receives as a chorus girl being a mere bagatelle, as it were and so to speak."

A Smart Retort.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is certainly happy in his Geographical commission, which is to advise upon the best territory for Jewish colonization. First there is Lord Rothschild, and he will receive cosmopolitan support from the Hon. Oscar Straus, Herr James Simon, Dr. Paul Nathan, and Professor Mandelstamm. Lord Rothschild is the wealthiest member

of the wealthiest and most famous banking house in the world. His monetary and social influence suggest the monarch rather than the financier. There is a story that Jay Gould once called upon him on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. "What!" almost shrieked the astonished American. "You just go back and say that I'm Jay Gould, the American millionaire." After an interval the attendant returned with the reply, "Tell Mr. Gould that Europe is *not* for sale."

TOM POSTE

Successor to POSTE & WILSON

Is showing some very clever ideas in

Exclusive Waistcoats

For Day and Evening Wear,
also

a new line of the Latest Shapes and Best
Qualities in

Autumn Hats

ALEXANDRIA HABERDASHERY
509 S. Spring

San Francisco Losses--These Pay 100 Cents on the Dollar on Adjusted Losses

AMERICAN OF NEWARK, N. J.

Capital, \$600,000. Surplus, \$2,430,459.

CORNISH BRALEY CO., Agents. Union Trust Bldg.

AMERICAN CENTRAL OF ST. LOUIS

Capital, \$2,000,000. Surplus, \$3,143,518.

RULE & SONS CO., Agent, 503 Grosse Bldg.

WATTS HAMMOND, Agent, Merchants Trust Bldg.

CALIFORNIA OF SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, \$300,000. Surplus,

SAM BEHRENDT, Agent, Byrne Bldg.

COLONIAL FIRE UNDERWRITERS OF HARTFORD

Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$2,000,000.

LOUIS UNDERWRITERS AGENCY, Agents,
242-3-4 Douglas Bldg.

GLEN'S FALLS OF GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$2,493,183.

Payne Smith Brock Co., Agents.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA OF PHILADELPHIA

Capital, \$3,000,000. Surplus, \$3,600,000.

BONYNGE GIRDLESTONE & CO., Agents, 121½ S. Broadway.

LAW UNION & CROWN OF LONDON

Capital, \$1,866,800. Surplus, \$557,683.

PAYNE, SMITH & BROCK CO., Agents, 309 West Second.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE OF LONDON

Capital, \$1,228,200. Surplus, \$16,016,155.

Deposited in U. S. for benefit of U. S. policy holders,
\$12,800,000.

C. E. GILLON, Agent, 212 Laughlin Bldg.

MICHIGAN OF DETROIT

Capital, \$400,000. Surplus, \$ 92,974

E. J. LOUIS, Agent. Douglas Bldg.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE OF EDINBURGH

Capital, \$15,000,000. Surplus, \$12,700,000.

THOMAS H. HASTINGS, Agent, Braly Bldg.

Deposited in U. S. for benefit of U. S. Policy Holders,
\$5,900,000.

NORTHERN OF LONDON

Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus, \$8,757,080.

WRIGHT & CALLENDER CO., Agents, 319-323 S Hill Street.

FRANK E. WALSH, Agent, Wilcox Block.

QUEEN OF AMERICA

Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$3,722,651.

PURCELL & KERN, Ag'ts, 380 H. W. Hellman Bld.

ROYAL OF LIVERPOOL

Capital, \$1,595,435. Surplus, \$11,017,968.

WALTER J. WREN, Agent, Laughlin Building

ST. PAUL FIRE AND MARINE OF ST. PAUL

Capital, \$500,000. Surplus, \$1,815,877.

WATTS HAMMOND, Agent, Merchants Trust Bldg.

TEUTONIA OF NEW ORLEANS

Capital, \$250,000. Surplus, \$511,612.

PURCELL & KERN, Agents, 330 H. W. Hellman Bld.

(Also agents of the Queen.)

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Deborah's Diary

The First Assembly.

Three hundred invitations were issued for the Mid-winter Assemblies, and my information is that nearly that number will be present at the first of the dances to be held this (Friday) evening at Kramer's Hall. Those who will act as hostesses at to-night's assembly are Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. T. E. Newlin, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Rufus H. Herron, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan and Mrs. Roland Bishop. There is an unusually large and good-looking crop of "buds" this season and their first appearance at a big dance is anticipated with interest by others besides their anxious mammas. By the way, a few weeks ago I alluded to Mrs. Charles Monroe as "the major-general"—I think it was—of these affairs, and I understand that expression caused some heart-burnings among other ladies. Perhaps the rank was not properly applied. I knew that Mrs. Monroe had undertaken the arduous duties of secretary and was handling the voluminous correspondence for the assemblies—work which seemed to me to entitle her to the distinction, especially as no other officers have been named. However, I apologize.

Ernest had been to a children's party and eaten all that he could possibly put beneath his little blouse, but it nearly broke his heart to think he could not do greater justice to the feast of good things before him. A bright idea came to him. Early next morning he went around to the scene of the festivities, and on being asked by Mrs. Johnson what he would like, replied, "I'd like all the things I couldn't eat yesterday, please."

A Brief Respite.

The continued rainy spell and the alternating cold snaps have had a depressing effect on social gaiety of every sort. The theaters have not received their usual share of patronage and the affairs which were still in the formative "sub rosa" state have been postponed while the hostesses on Nob Hill and in the southwest are huddling over the grates. The scarcity of gas gave everyone cause for lamentation this week and the necessity for pre-Lenten fasting, therefore, on the part of many folks, has not been especially conducive to a flow of good cheer. The season's buds, of whom there seem to be a host, and

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Frances Coulter and Adelaide Brown, brides-elect, have received plenty of attention even during this period of discomfort, but aside from these complimentary affairs and the prospect of the first Assembly, social life has been exceedingly dull. Between now and Christmas, holiday shopping will detract attention somewhat from conventional forms of entertainment, but after the New Year the whirl will begin again in earnest. The Bachelor Cotillions Club will do the honors January 8, and there are several other brilliant dances in the air; and as for dinners, receptions and the like, there is no end to their number. The caterers are already filling their date books 'way into the early spring, so bide a wee.

Entertaining the Italians.

Little Italy has been leading our local Bohemia by the hand during the engagement of the Lambardis, and on many sides homage has been shown the stars of the company. It has been such a long time since we had a season of grand opera that everyone with musical inclination appears to have gone opera mad, and I fear that Christmas expense money has been infringed upon by the crowds that have attended the successive presentation of the operas. The singers have mingled freely with local musicians to whom they have been introduced by Russo, Alberto Vignolo, the "tall, handsome Latin," who interpreted for the company on its arrival, by Pietro Buzzi, whom Creatore introduced here a season or two ago, and by Vessela, who is particularly happy in the companionship of his countrymen again. The exactions of the present engagement and the spell of unpleasant weather have conspired to put several members of the company under the weather, though there have been no lapses on account of illness. D'Ottavi came very near not being able to appear last week, but he braced up and sang without excuses. About half of this company is at home with French, though their understanding of English amounts to practically nil. A. L. Mojonier, who has done the photographic work for the theaters for many seasons, is fitting up luxurious and handsome quarters on the seventh floor of the new Auditorium, and he has been very busy of late posing the Italians. When I dropped into the studio the other day, D'Ottavi had just arrived with his proofs. He spread them out and was about to speak when the awful remembrance came to him. He was utterly helpless with words. Mr. Mojonier tried French, but all to no purpose. D'Ottavi finally arranged the proofs in a row, separated the ones he had selected as most to his taste, and then pointed one fat finger to the tin sword which he wanted lengthened a bit. With another look of despair he shook hands all around and bowed himself out backwards. Alberto Vignolo, Russo and Pietro Buzzi can be found very close to the stage almost any evening, usually holding converse in some comfortably curtained alcove where the cigarette is not forbidden. Vignolo has been especially useful to Manager Berry, for he is quick-witted and diplomatic as well as proficient in linguistry.

Esperanto Wanted.

The rather spectacular methods of Lebegott, second conductor, won him a distinguishing share of notice during his several appearances, but the real man "behind the gun"—the man whose earnest effort has made the season of opera worth while,—Chevalier Fulgenico Guerreri—has been given little more than passing notice. Contrary to what the

Times asserted a few days ago, Guerreri has no difficulty in expressing himself to his men. There have been some little tempests of the heart, naturally enough, during the passing five weeks, and the conductor has made no effort to put himself forward while the little wars of jealousy which outsiders have waged have been going on. In fact he seems not to be at all conscious of the noisy buzz of gossip that has been disturbing the air. Guerreri and Boris De Londonnier were entertaining two young women friends at supper in the Bristol after the presentation of "Chopin," Monday night, and in spite of the fact that De Londonnier is Russian, the leader Italian and the two young women American born and bred, they were all having a very happy hour. Guerreri had been called before the curtain several times by the corporal's guard that assembled to witness the premier presentation of "Chopin" in America, but "Chopin" was off his mind when the curtain had been rung down. De Londonnier and Guerreri were speaking Italian and French alternately, and the female members of the party kept up their end of the conversation with a smattering of French. As the party passed me De Londonnier's companion was complimenting him upon his achievements in Italian repartee, and I heard him reply jokingly with something to the effect that even a man with seven tongues in his head was often at a loss except when speaking the universal "langue d'amour!" "Bravo, De Londonnier!" wafted toward me with the cigarette smoke and with an equally chivalric salute from Guerreri, while the ladies were speaking aside in English to De Londonnier, the conductor exclaimed, "How cursed am I, not at this time to be able to speak English!" However, he is doing very well, slipping along with three languages and a fighting chance with a fourth—three, for he is very fluent with Spanish.

A Bristol Chorus.

There was also another merry party of Bohemians in the Bristol, Monday evening, close to midnight. The Empire City Quartet from the Orpheum, and their four friends, were awaiting their opportunity to have another chance at "Cheer Up, Mary," the great New York hit of the Cooper Brothers. The orchestra tuned up for the air and such a rollicking chorus of hearty male voices I daresay the Bristol has never before heard. They sang once, twice and several times again in responses to encores, and when the late hour drove us upstairs they were yet lingering over their glasses.

A Rare Collection.

Mrs. Allan C. Balch, of the Angelus Hotel, has a collection of cameos and intaglios that it is worth well a day's journey to see, though the whole of Mrs. Balch's antiques could be placed in the palm of your smooth white hand. These rare works of art, thumb nail sketches by wonderful sculptors who worked beside the yellow Tiber and in the Isles of Greece several hundred years before the grandeur of the empires became but a memory, were part of a famous collection made by a rich New Yorker, whose estate conducted their sale in accordance with the terms of the owner's will, that the proceeds might be devoted to a favorite charity. The collection included that of the late Prince Poniatowski, which was in itself world-famed. Mrs. Balch has had several of the gems set in the form of brooches and rings, but others are still unmounted and carefully wrapped in tissue

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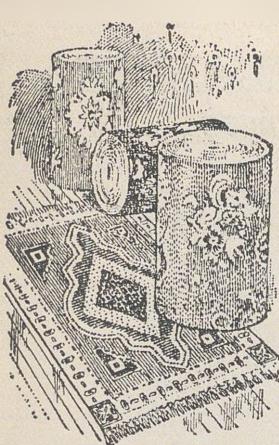
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paper. There is among them a head of Socrates, several other beautifully carved busts, and there are several specimens with mythical or historic interest. Aside from these treasures Mrs. Balch has a number of original engravings that are valued beyond price.

An Operatic Career.

To Miss Belle Hamburger has come a rare opportunity that would make an ambitious young woman with less of this world's goods feel that the world was her's. Miss Hamburger has a brilliant soprano voice that has won her much encouragement from local teachers and interested friends. She sang not long ago for Signor Lambardi, and the impresario at once offered her the opportunity to begin an operatic career. Miss Hamburger has no intention of entering upon a public career at present, but it is hinted that at some time in the future she may do so, for a short time at least.

A Soldier of Fortune.

A Los Angeles and Pasadena man—Major Frederick Russell Burnham—has been honored in the latest sketch by Richard Harding Davis in the "Real Soldiers of Fortune" series, which he is writing for Collier's. Major Burnham would hide his light under a bushel if he could, but that is impossible. This modest man, who spent his boyhood and youth in Los Angeles and the surrounding country, spends his few hours of leisure in his Pasadena home, where his father-in-law also resides. He is at present in the Yaqui country in search of lost mines and trouble, for the Indians are all about him—and the Yaquis are not a particularly hospitable people. He won much distinction in the South African Matabele wars in the service of England, and was decorated by the King of England. His fame as a scout is as wide as the world, and his thrilling adventures, which include hairbreadth escapes since babyhood, would fill a large book. President Roosevelt is not unaware of Major Burnham's value to his country, and as a citizen of the world, for he once singled him out for flattering commendation. In company with other well known Americans he has now on foot a scheme to import African deer of several species which would prove hardy-lived on our soil. Major Burnham's present biographer met the "American scout" on board ship when both were bound for South Africa—the former as a war correspondent—and a portrait sketch which Collier's reproduces was made by Mrs. Davis.

Miss Fowler's Future.

Brenda Fowler, one of the most meritorious actresses that Los Angeles has given to the stage, is earnestly devoting a portion of each day to vocal study, and I understand that the tall, handsome young woman who has made such a flattering success in character is contemplating an entry into musical comedy. Miss Fowler was interested in music before she went to New York and secured a place with Frohman's forces, and the old ambition has apparently awakened. Her voice is contralto in quality, and though her register is narrow, her voice, within its range, is rich and true. In fact Miss Fowler calls to mind what someone has said of Cissy Fitzgerald: "She has only four notes, but they are corkers!"

Borg's Pictures.

Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge, who has been exhibiting Carl Oscar Borg's work in the "Little Corne-

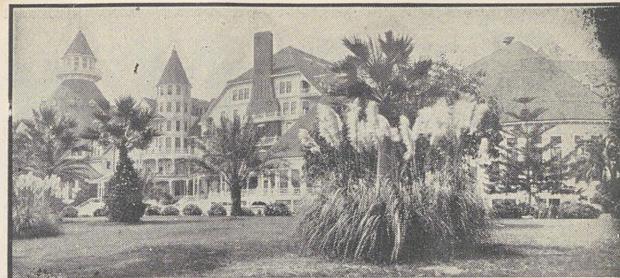
of Art," has been receiving hundreds of guests during the two weeks of the exhibit just passed. On Sunday afternoon there was a host of visitors, and the encouraging little "sold" signs were posted on several during the day. Mr. Borg has received a generous share of commendation since he began to work among us, and the present exhibit fulfills every anticipation. About half of the canvases are marines and the other half are landscapes from advantageous points in San Bernardino county. Mr. Borg followed the sea for some time and it is natural that he should have turned his attention earliest to this line of work. He does all his painting in the field, never working from incomplete pencil sketches. His composition and drawings are excellent and he has a wonderful knack of reproducing rarely beautiful sky and atmospheric effects. He is a poet with the brush, or as Mrs. Strobridge puts it, "a poet though he does not write verse." A few small water colors represent a rather recent departure of this young artist who so delightfully imprisons the spirit of our distinctly Western earth, sky and air. Mr. Borg's most pretentious showing is "The Way to Skylands," and a smaller panel displays the reward of the journey to the summit of this road, where two tall, majestic trees stand sentinel against a glowing sky and mountain reflections. "Before the Squall" shows the gathering storm hanging low and the waters lashing restlessly. In Coldwater Canyon two inviting retreats were sketched, and the picturesque shipping strand and the green waters of San Pedro have furnished the motif for some of the best of the offerings.

More Artists.

Franz A. Bischoff, king of china painters, was so charmed with Southern California during his last winter's visit that he has brought his family out from Detroit and will make his permanent home here. The Bischoffs are at the present time guests of Mrs. S. W. Morin of "Thorncroft," who introduced Mr. Bischoff last season. Mrs. Morin is a skilled artist in china herself, the "Morin browns" having already made a name for themselves. Mr. Bischoff had a very modest showing in the way of a loan exhibit made by Los Angeles ceramic artists at the winter's art exhibit, but few who passed by the tables were aware that any of the work was his.

Miss McCalla's Romance.

Invitations are out for a big "tea," writes my Santa Barbara correspondent, to be given by Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, between four and six o'clock, Friday of this week, at the beautiful residence in Mission Canyon which the family bought and moved into when Rear-Admiral McCalla was retired last June. The tea is in honor of Miss Lily McCalla, who has just returned from San Francisco. It is hoped that Miss Stella McCalla may also be at home, that her friends and acquaintances may have an opportunity at that time to offer their felicitations on her recently announced engagement to Mr. Frank Stayton, of London, England. It was during Miss McCalla's visit with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Miller, to Paris last season that the young belle met Mr. Stayton, and they "took to each other" at once. Before her return to America late in the summer her parents had given their consent to the engagement of their youngest daughter. Mr. Stayton is to spend part of the winter in Santa Barbara, but it is not probable that the wedding will take place before the spring. He is a dramatist and author of no mean reputation.



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Gay Santa Barbara.

Among other Thanksgiving parties were a family dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman, on Friday, and a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles S. Fay, on Tuesday. But everything paled before the splendor of the "house warming" that was given on Wednesday evening by Mr. J. W. Gillespie, of Montecito, whose magnificent Italian villa is a landmark of the valley. The Gillespie sunken gardens, looking outward to the sea, are the envy of all his neighbors, and his splendidly unique dining-room with its musicians' gallery looks only like a picture of a refectory in some ancient monastery. No matter how cold and desolate these rooms might be in the coming years, they could never lose the echo of song and laughter that rang through them Wednesday evening. Dancing was the main amusement, while card tables were provided for the devoted bridgers. Mr. Gillespie was assisted in entertaining by his aunt, Madame Dater, and his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dater, of Chicago. Four hundred invitations were issued, and about three hundred guests were present. Every Barbareño ardently hopes that Mr. Gillespie will not soon turn his back on Montecito.

Last Friday Mrs. R. L. Phelps, of Berkeley, who has a beautiful home on Durant avenue, gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Howard Huntington, of Los Angeles. All the guests were old schoolmates of Mrs. Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman, who have taken quarters at the Potter for the season, went to San Francisco early last week, to be present at the launching of their fine new steam yacht, the "Aggie."

Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Richardson have returned to "Mira Vista," their beautiful country seat in Montecito.

If Mrs. John Beale ever had any doubt as to her place in the hearts of Santa Barbara and Montecito's smart set she has had the doubts set at rest by the crowds that thronged the rooms of the handsome residence on the East Boulevard on Thursday afternoon, when she was at home for the first time since she returned to Santa Barbara after her trip to Europe on the honeymoon.

Before Mrs. W. Miller Graham returned from New York she issued invitations for a dinner dance for last Monday, at the Villa Bellosguardo, her home on Booth's Point. When she found, however, that Mrs. D. E. Richardson had also sent out cards for a ball she cut short her program by only giving the dinner and then, with all her guests, motoring to "Piranhurst," where they joined the dancers. The dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of London, England, and Mr. John Lawson, of San Francisco. Among others present were: Mrs. H. M. A. Postley, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Miss Bispham, Mrs. William Disston, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Edwin H. Sawyer, Admiral and Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dater, of New York; Dr. and Mrs. Harold Sidebotham; Messrs. Barrett Fithian, C. C. Felton, William Edwards, Laurence Redington.

Out at "Piranhurst" the scene was one of splendor, and the house, with its quaint stone copings and balconies, had never glowed with light as it did that evening when all the beauty and chivalry of Santa Barbara and Montecito were gathered there. Mrs. Richardson was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Egerton. A stringed orchestra played for dancing and another made melody for those not addicted to the worship of the fleet-footed goddess.

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Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

Notwithstanding the fact that we are all freezing and starving to death in this "Land of Sunshine," we are hourly approaching the festive Christmastide, and must "give gifts if we would be gifted;" and rejoice and make merry on an empty stomach as we gaze hungrily at a large uncooked Thanksgiving turkey. There is something very clammy and hopeless in the expression of a dead turkey calling to be baked. One feels like handing it out a flannel petticoat and a glass of hot toddy and telling it to "cheer up." I do, I know, today, as I gaze at a heavy "gobbler" and again at a blankety-blank gas stove. My small boys suggest the "jolliness" of a funeral in the back yard. They would lay him tenderly beside the little sister's row of headless dolls, but somehow that doesn't appeal to me at all. I would much rather tell you of lovely Christmas gifts that fill the stores at present.

My dear girl, the Boston Store is spreading itself in a beautiful assortment of glassware. Their glass room is chock-a-block with the loveliest pieces of Austrian and Venetian and hand-cut ware you ever saw. For a welcome present nothing excels a bit of good glass, and really I have rarely seen a finer collection of artistic things than can be found in the art department, third floor, of the Boston Store.

Beautiful needle work, finished or yet to be begun, is there in profusion, and pictures from two-bits up, in the cutest subjects, daintily framed, are ready to be packed and addressed to your friend at a moment's notice. Beautiful lamps, bronzes and bits of statuary are there also, and truly I can't imagine a better place to buy your whole list of Christmas presents from toys to the handsomest of pieces than this department in the Boston Store.

I was asked the other day where a sweet little prospective mother could buy one of those rubber bath tubs for Baby, that are a sine qua non for the nursery these days. Now, I can tell her. Go to Myer Siegel's, 25¹ and 253 South Broadway. There you will find them, large and small, also the cutest little fitted up toilet sets, from the table to the powder puff, you can imagine. Everything for Baby is one of the trade marks of this most attractive store. The

little lace coats for tiny maidens and broadcloth Peter Thompsons in scarlet, navy, and white, would make the sweetest and most welcome of presents for the holiday event. An entire layette with "everything thought of" is ready at a moment's notice at "Siegel's," and at all and most reasonable prices.

Coulter's assortment of silverware for milady's toilet table is quite the most remarkable in the city. Beautiful sterling silver sets of brushes and mirrors, manicure sets and odd pieces of richly chased and carved silver, are there all to be "given away" by the 25th of December. Stunning novelties in combs and hair ornaments I also saw in the new annex, which is so bewilderingly big. I was glad to see a nice little corner full of really acceptable gifts for men—the hardest animals in the world to suit at this season. Coulter's has supplied us with several novelties in the way of shaving sets, revolving mirrors with the entire outfit for home-sweating-shavers, smoking sets guaranteed to catch at least half of the tobacco and cigar ends that fall from Hubby's fingers, and all kinds of cute little toilet appointments for the better half.

Blackstone's good people are showing a delightful assortment of silken matinees, negligees and tea gowns. Beautiful lacy frou frou things, liable to soften the heart of the hardest of husbands. A man can be pretty cross and severe to "his babe," be she clad in tailormade gown or stiff shirtwaist, but for gentle wheedling purposes, dear girl, I cannot too highly commend the silken kimono or the clinging chiffon tea gown. Some of Blackstone's little dinky matinees and dressing jackets are good for the signing of many a check from an overwrought husband. I saw a pale-blue china silk negligee smoothed in lace for \$32 that looked mighty good to me.

Oh! my dear girl, I want to tell you right now about the lovely fur hats, toques and turbans that I saw in Miss Swobdi's pretty and artistic millinery establishment at 555 South Broadway. Weather like this calls aloud for fur, you know—the very cats are getting as scared as the turkeys, methinks, and so the newest and most fetching of all the winter models in millinery are composed of fur of one kind or another. I saw a dudish little fur toque made of mink in Miss Swobdi's window, with a lovely white osprey floating away from it, while an exquisite pink rose was coyly held in the amorous little claws of the little brown mink. Its head and bright eyes were looking out to see what was going on, and I yearned for the thirty plunks that would make it mine. As I have said before no one in town hits upon such novel

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ideas in millinery as does dainty little Miss Swobdi. She had a poem of a hat in morning glories that was just leaving the store for a trip to the East, along with a bonny little bride. I saw a wonderfully handsome white feather boa at Swobdi's also, one of the longest and fullest I have ever seen, a perfect joy for evening wear, and so truly becoming.

Well, well, vanitas vanitatum! Is there any end to the little conceits of womankind? If you would find out what a best girl would like—but doesn't absolutely need—for a Christmas gift, go to the novelty department in the Ville de Paris. Necklaces in finest settings of all our lovely stones can be found there. Garnets are very good this season, you know, as also is jade, and the Ville has an exclusive line of the very newest patterns in this form of decoration. I saw some beautiful little gold crosses set with turquoise, and some lovely amethyst and topaz pendants in antique design that were born to gladden the heart of some one on the happy day. Jet is once more in great demand; big jet ball hatpins are necessary to hold the hats at proper poise these days, and the Ville de Paris seems to have almost a monopoly of them. Dog collars of pearls and coral are for the slender throats of our debutantes; beautifully worked bead-bags for pocketbooks or matinees are also displayed at this most attractive, if frivolous, novelty counter in the good Ville de Paris.

Next week I am going to enlighten you as to the very latest design in corsets as expounded by the Sisters Terrill, on South Hill street, but meantime I will just have to wind this up with the reminder that "Onz," the ladies' tailor on South Hill street, Blanchard Building, is still doing a big business with his patronesses and turning out some wonderfully well-groomed tailor-made women. Once more, then, dear Harriet, it is adios.

Affectionately yours,
LUCILLE.

S. Figueroa street, November twenty-eighth.

Friday Morning Club Programs.

The Friday Morning Club's program for this month is as follows: December 7, "Recent Books"—Discussion conducted by the Book Committee; December 14, "A Month of Mexico," Dr. Dorothea Moore; December 21, "A Morning of Story-Telling," Miss Blanche Leviele; "The Pastoral Phase in French Literature;" luncheon; informal merry-making in the afternoon; December 28, "William Dean Howells and his Books," Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham. Mrs. Osgood, the club parliamentarian, is conducting a class in parliamentary law at the clubhouse on Friday afternoons.

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Where Are They?

Mrs. Howard E. Huntington is visiting relatives in Berkeley.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will spend the winter at Pau, in the south of France.

Mrs. Harry L. Bixby of St. James Park is at Saranac Lake, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Beau de Zart of 1789 West Adams have returned from the East.

Mrs. C. W. Hinchcliffe of 2414 South Grand avenue has returned from the North.

Miss Grace Sanborn of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. Jack Johnston of 947 West Twenty-eighth.

Miss Helen Brant of 3131 South Figueroa street has returned from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester Place have returned from Europe.

Mrs. M. L. Fuller and Miss Ruth Fuller are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fuller of 1333 Alvarado Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Clark and Eugene Clark of St. James Park are in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. William Horace Day and the Misses Lucy and Mary Clarke have returned from the Orient.

Miss Helen North of 1033 Ingraham street has left for Nevada.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Campbell have returned from a trip through the East and Canada.

Mrs. Dan McFarland and Misses Louise and Sallie McFarland of West Twenty-third street have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Boyle of Carondolet street have left for Texas.

Miss Grace Hull of New York is the guest of her sister, Miss Jean Craib, of Hotel Heinzman.

Mrs. J. Bastheim is the guest of Mrs. S. Nordlinger of 1537 West Ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King Wilson and Miss Angel V. Miles of 1200 West Adams street, have returned from the East.

Receptions, etc.

November 22—Lambda Theta Phi sorority; theater party for Miss Helen Brant.

November 22—Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Brant, 3131 S. Figueroa street; dancing party for Miss Helen Brant and Mr. David Brant.

November 22—Mrs. Jack Johnston, 947 West Twenty-eighth street; luncheon for Adelaide Brown.

November 22—Mrs. Eleanor T. Brown, 1653 West Twenty-fifth; theater party for Miss Errol Brown.

November 23—Mrs. Albert Crutcher, 1257 West Adams; tea for Mrs. Ernest Williams and Mrs. Fred Siebert.

November 24—Mrs. Hancock Banning, 240 West Adams street; tea for Miss Adelaide Brown.

November 24—Mrs. George Ralphs, 1050 Arapahoe street; whist.

November 24—Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Orchard avenue; for Miss Miriam Strong of Portland.

November 26—Mrs. Durward de Van and Mrs. Glover P. Widney, 2319 West Twenty-fourth street; tea for Miss Adele Brune.

November 26—Miss Grace Pirtle and Miss Bird Warren, 1819 South Union avenue; for Miss Helen McCoy.

November 26—Mr. Roy Wheeler, Pasadena; dinner and opera party for Miss Helen Chaffee.

November 27—Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey McCarthy, Elden avenue; for Miss Frances Coulter.

November 27—Mrs. G. W. Jones, 2515 Vermont avenue; cards.



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November 27—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Zucker, 1614 Grand avenue; cards.

November 27—Treble Clef Club; reception for Mrs. Jirah D. Cole at Gamut Hall.

November 27—Mrs. Julius Hauser, 610 South Grand avenue; shower for Miss Helen McCoy.

November 27—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crippen. Hotel Ingraham; cards.

November 27—Mrs. S. M. Newmark, 909 Beacon street; luncheon at Hotel Alexandria for Miss Lottie Seligman.

November 27—Mrs. D. F. Blythe, 336 West Twenty-first street; at home.

November 28—Delta Delta Club, St. Vincent's; Thanksgiving Ball.

November 28—Mrs. A. H. Messerly, 826 S. Burlington avenue; luncheon.

November 28—Miss Alice Harpham and Miss Adele Brodbeck, 747 Burlington avenue; luncheon for Miss Frances Coulter.

November 28—Mrs. Charles T. Howland, 1902 Harward boulevard; for Miss Margaret Wollacott.

November 28—Miss Gertrude Gooding, 1926 South Grand avenue; for Miss Edith Herron.

November 28—Mrs. W. H. Workman, 337 Boyle avenue; luncheon for Miss Workman.

November 28—Miss Ethelwyn Walker, 1125 Lake street; birthday party.

November 29—Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kornblum, 806 Washington; silver wedding.

November 30—Miss Anna and Miss Mary Chapinan, 203 North Soto street; for Miss Frances Coulter.

November 30—Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Campbell, 746 South Burlington; at home.

November 30—Miss Louise Hauser, 610 South Grand avenue; for Miss Helen McCoy.

November 30—Mr. Edward Hauser and Miss Helen McCoy; supper and theater party for bridal party.

November 30—First Assembly at Kramer's.

Date Book.

December 1—Mrs. C. F. A. Last, 742 South Bonnie Brae; at home.

December 1—Mrs. Rea Smith, 651 West Twenty-third; tea for Miss Margaret Lee, and Miss Mabel Garnsey.

December 1—Mrs. John H. Norton, West Twenty-eighth street; theater party for Miss Edith Herron.

December 5—Mrs. William R. Burke, Berkeley Square; tea.

December 6—Hon. and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Arapahoe street; dancing party for Miss Mary Hubbell.

December 8—Mrs. Lee Chamberlain, 401 N. Vermont avenue; for Miss Lois Chamberlain.

January 8—Bachelor Cotillions' Club; dance at Kramers.

Engagements.

Miss Margaret Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Lee of 414 West Adams street to Mr. Roy Koster.

Recent Weddings.

Miss Deane Faulkner of New Orleans to Mr. Albert M. Stephens, Jr.

November 27—Miss Adelaide Brown, daughter of Mrs. E. T. Brown, to Mr. Sidney I. Wailes of Washington, D. C.

November 28—Miss Mary Holmes, to Mr. Le Roy Kingsland Daniels.

November 28—Miss Adelaide Proctor Smith of 2703 Hall-dale avenue, to Mr. Lucius A. Phillips.

November 28—Miss May Bretherton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bretherton, Hotel Hinman, to Mr. Thomas J. Douglas.

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On the Stage and Off

The distinction of witnessing the first performance on any stage of a new and original play does not often fall to the lot of a Los Angeles audience, and considerable curiosity was therefore excited when the production of "Captain Courtesy" was announced at the Belasco Theater for Monday last, especially as it was to be under the stage management of the veteran George Barnum, who, it was known, would bring out every ounce of attractive power that the play might possess.

"Captain Courtesy" might be described as a pictorial play in four acts, dealing with certain events that happened in Southern California in 1847, just before the whole State passed from Mexican misrule to the protecting wing of the United States government. The author's knowledge of localities and general conditions pertaining to his story has evidently been derived at second hand, or he would not make frequent mention of Pasadena which was an unidentified sheep range in 1847, nor introduce gorgeous, blanketed and feathered North American Indians, à la Fenimore Cooper, into Southern California at any time.

Each of the four acts has a more or less thrilling climax, according to the modern method of play construction which demands a "situation" upon each fall of the curtain. The play has other things to recommend it from the managerial point of view, among which may be mentioned the simplicity of the scenery, only two sets being required, and one of these is quite inexpensive. Then there are only five important speaking characters, the others being mere fillers-in.

The local coloring is imparted chiefly by the setting of the third act which affords a view of the exterior of the well known Mission church at San Gabriel, which is built out in so realistic a manner that it brought the chief applause of the evening. The costuming is all that could be desired and every effort seems to have been made by Mr. Barnum to ensure success for the play. As for the acting, Miss Gardner and Mr. Stone have it in their power to mar, if not to make the piece. And truth to tell, they do not succeed in making it. While this failure is undoubtedly to be attributed to a lack of backbone in the story itself, yet it must be admitted that the heroine, who is so swift to succumb to the manly attractions of the hero, is nothing more than a pallid creature remarkable only for her exceeding sweetness but showing none of the fire and romantic atmosphere that would seem to be indispensable under the circumstances. What is intended to be the grand climax is furnished at the close of the third act when the heroine shelters the outlaw hero in the mission apartments, and immediately afterwards takes a solemn oath on the cross that towers above the mission church, that he is not concealed upon the premises. Her remorse for this sin drives her to wear black for the rest of the play. Miss Gardner made this situation of amiable perjury so tame that it was ineffective, and the scene lost at once any hold it might have obtained with its fine setting.

Mr. Stone is a thoroughly conscientious actor but he evidently knows nothing of the people or of the

conditions that prevailed in the early history of California. His highwayman is so neatly groomed, so perfectly costumed, his hair is so nicely combed and brushed, that the idea of his having just arrived at the Mission after an exhausting ride that has worn out his fine mare, is not to be entertained. His portrayal is a pretty piece of work, but quite unconvincing.

Richard Vivian as a Mexican army officer is sufficiently realistic in make up and in action, while Mr. Yerance as the padre looks so like Friar Laurence that one almost expects the line "The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night" to fall from his lips. Harry Glazier as the villain of the piece is as diabolical as the author could wish, and he dies gracefully, immediately after having been shot in the feet by Mr. Stone. The other characters, particularly the Indians, have little or nothing to do with the plot. As members of the Belasco forces it is needless to say that they do well what they have to do, but the author has chosen to give the leading people the most of the work to perform.

There is an evident tendency, on the part of local dramatists at least, to exploit California's early history, and surely the topic is full of attraction, but it requires a master hand as well as an intimate knowledge of the subject. The California play has yet to be written.

Miss Mary Van Buren is, to the great regret of her numerous admirers, playing the last week of her engagement at the Burbank in Hall Caine's melodrama "The Christian," in which she makes not the least successful of her many brilliant impersonations. Mr. Desmond is trying to mould his genial temperament into a portrayal of John Storm, but his public will always prefer him in his more romantic roles rather than to hear him declaiming the slush of Hall Caine.

"The College Widow" of George Ade which is running all this week at the Mason Opera House is as bright and jolly as ever. The people in it have been selected with great judgment, a fact that contributes largely to the success of the piece. The enthusiasm that is worked up over the football game is so real that the audience cannot help joining in with it. The comedy is the most entertaining bill that has been furnished this season.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

No thrilling escapes, no blood-curdling murders attended "The Marriage of Kitty" at the Grand Opera House this week. The Sunday audiences were puzzled at first, but the clean little comedy won them, and their applause and laughter were as vociferous as usual. There is not a dull moment in the play, and the situations are far more plausible than are usually found in comedies. Miss Elsie Baird, handsome and exceedingly ferocious as Madame de Semiano, was a striking foil for Miss Florence Gear as Kitty. Kitty, demure and sweet, as well as mischievous, sang and whistled herself into all our hearts at once, and her husband needed no excuse for falling in love with her. She played her part in all seriousness, even giving us glimpses of good emotional power. Harry B. Roche as Sir Reginald Belsize gave a well sustained and not too

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pronounced caricature of an English baronet, rarely forgetting his accent and having no accidents with his monocle. Franklin Hall's melodious voice was in itself a pleasure and his picture of the much enduring solicitor was carefully drawn. Hazel Chappie and Milo Beldon completed a well-rounded cast.

Manager Drown once more has an excellent bill of fare at the Orpheum, well varied and full of spice. The singing of the "School Boys and Girls" is fresh, lively and enthusiastic. The Orpheum apparently is not the place for Lillian Apel's dainty and artistic "peanologie" and the gallery gods on Monday night voiced their lack of taste in no uncertain vein. Nor did these noisy arbiters approve of Lew White's "good songs," which also proved too good for their rag-time ears. Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie do some fair work as "aerial artists". The Wilson Brothers, as German comedians, are moderately entertaining with well worn "stunts". Vaseo, the Empire Quartet, and a troupe of six acrobats complete the bill.

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Orpheum.—The new acts next week have been highly praised by the critics in San Francisco. Nick Long and Idaline Cotton present a playlet in which the lady is seen in four and the man in two distinct characters. The title of the story is "My Wife's Diamonds." In one of her characters the lady owns the gems; in another she steals them; a third of her impersonations is suspected of the theft and in a fourth character she aids in the recovery of the gems. It is a long time since a ventriloquial act has been seen at the Orpheum and Trovollo with his "Hotel Office" scene and his amusing puppets who are made to sing, tell stories and do various other stunts, will be assured of a hearty welcome. Knight Brothers and Marion Sawtelle have some new dances. Not only are their steps novel, but the lady has been described as the most graceful woman ever seen on this circuit. That is a pretty big order, and if Miss Sawtelle fills it she must be able to "go some." The Kita Banzai Japs have a difficult and interesting act in which foot balancing and juggling play a prominent part. They juggle barrels and boys indiscriminately. They also have some comedy of an Oriental character. Two of the big features of this week's program—The Camaras Sisters and Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls—also the excellent musical numbers by Lillian Apel and Lee White, remain another week.

Grand.—"The Convict's Daughter," a most popular melodrama, will be the bill for the week commencing with next Sunday's matinée. Those who saw this play last year will remember it as one of the most thrilling and at the same time the most rational and convincing of its class. The company is almost the same as last year. George J. Elford in the character of "Weary Willie", the philosophical tramp, and Carrie Bellmore as "Susan", the merry housemaid, have a line of comedy that never fails to keep the audience in their seats during the waits.

Mason—"The Heir to the Hoorah" is announced for a full week's engagement beginning Monday night. One scene of it contains a warning to bank-

ers, particularly to country bankers. Kate Brandon is conversing with Hal Kelly, sometime Wall Street broker, now promoted to the comparatively honorable station of mine foreman.

"Tell me all about it—this Wall Street—what is it like?" demands Kate.

"Wall Street?" ponders Kelly, "it's a little crooked street; from the middle you can't see either end. But at one end is a graveyard, and at the other the river."

"What a warning!" exclaims Kate.

"Yes," laughs Kelly, "and I took it and came West to begin all over again."

"Oh, you were a lamb?"

"Yes, and was properly clipped."

Guy Bates Post, Ernest Lamson, Janet Beecher, Ralph Dean, Helene Lackaye and Frank Monroe are among the clever artists who will reintroduce the Armstrong-La Shelle comedy at the Mason Opera House next Monday night.

Morosco's—Another of Augustin Daly's happy adaptations from the German, "The Lottery of Love," a very merry comedy, will be the bill next week, commencing Sunday afternoon. The comedy will serve to introduce the new leading woman, Katherine Willard, who will be supported by the full strength of the company, lately augmented by Carrie Ward Clarke and Rupert Drum.

Belasco's—"Old Heidelberg," certainly the masterpiece of the stock company's repertory, will be revived again next week. There is such a delightful tinge of tender romance and also an atmosphere of exuberant youth in the play that one does not easily grow tired of it. Lewis Stone will be seen here for the first time as Karl Heinrich, and George Barnum will once more appear in his imitable study of Dr. Juttner.

Mr. M. J. Rushe, the popular representative of the Jessie Moore Hunt Co., recently underwent a critical operation, and his many friends will rejoice to learn that he is making a rapid convalescence.

In its Living Masters of Music series the John Lane Company has brought out Wakeling Dry's volume on Giacomo Puccini, which pictures the composer and describes his operas with appreciation and discernment.

Among the literary biographies of the season that of Sir Leslie Stephen, by Frederic William Maitland, announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, should have the attention of the large circle who have profited in other days by the writings of the critic and essayist.

In the Musical World

The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" on Tuesday night provided the most faultless and generally pleasing performance that the Lambardi's have given us. The orchestra, guilty of much scrappy and unsatisfactory work in the early days of the season, has immeasurably improved under Guerreri's skilful and inspiring direction. The Mascagni overture was played delightfully, despite the chatterings of thoughtless people, who do not seem to realize the essential import of

an overture to an opera. The "Cavalleria" overture is quite as beautiful as the hackneyed intermezzo and gave the best evidence of the orchestra's improvement. Adaberto sang in both operas; and, while her acting was not as forceful as in either "Aida" or "Africana", she thoroughly confirmed the high opinions already expressed of her singing. There has been some discussion as to Adaberto's age and her future, since some of the critics have given the public to understand that she is on the threshold of her career. Adaberto is thirty-two years of age and has been singing in opera in Italy for the past twelve years. Prime donne are at their best between thirty and forty, and I think Adaberto is absolutely at her best now. I have heard few voices that gave me such unalloyed enjoyment, and I doubt not, if Adaberto had a skilful press agent and could polish up her acting, she would make a sensation either in New York or London, where press agents count more than they do in California. But even Adaberto's fine singing was surpassed on Tuesday night by the baritone, Antola. None of us who heard Salassa electrify an audience with the "I Pagliacci" prologue at the first visit of the Lambardi's will ever forget it, and we have to thank Antola for another superb, though quite different,

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Burbank Building, City.

rendering. Antola's is not a big voice, but what it lacks in volume is made up by rare beauty and purity of tone. Salassa gave more vigor but less pathos to the prologue and Tonio's story is essentially pathetic. Moreover Antola is an admirable actor. D'Ottavi's Turiddu was distinctly his best effort of the season and his lapse of memory in the drinking song was a minor incident. Orelli's tremolo is so incessantly distressing that it ruins a good voice. Maria Millon's sweet voice has been heard too seldom during this engagement; she will forge her way to the front.

I cannot share the enthusiasm of my brethren of the press over Orefice's Chopin, for I regard Signor Orefice's "opera" as an impudent liberty with the work of the honored dead. It is unfortunate that the law allows such tampering with the most valuable part of a dead man's estate. Some one will next be taking Tennyson's lyrics and string them into a dramatic poem. By the way the one sound and musicianly criticism of the "Chopin" performance was written by W. Francis Gates in the "Evening News". Mr. Gates has served his paper and the musical public excellently throughout the opera season.

Franz Wilczek, violinist, and his work are pleasantly remembered in Los Angeles. Mr. Wilczek played as soloist with the Symphony some four years ago. He comes again on December 11 at Simpsons, and his program is an attractive one. He will be assisted by Mrs. Hennion Robinson, pianist, and the program follows:

Suite for Violin and Piano.....	Goldmark
Symphony Espangole	Lalo
Adagio Fugue—From G Minor Sonata—for violin alone.....	Bach
(a) Romanza	Max Bruch
(b) Rondo Capriccioso.....	Saint Saens

Miss Bessie Bartlett announces that on Wednesday evening, December 12, at the Gamut Club Hall she will appear in a recital assisted by Miss Estelle Catherine Heartt, contralto, Mme. Menasco 'cellist, and Archibald W. Sessions at the piano. During Miss Bartlett's years of study she originated a unique style of entertaining. Reading augmented by musical accompaniment is something new in Southern California, and several novelties will be introduced by Miss Bartlett during the recital. The program to be given includes the following numbers:

PART I.

Piano Solo, "Ich habe eine Kleines Lied erdacht Bettler-liebe.....	Bangert
Wie Melodien zieht es mir.....	Brahms
Die Bekehrte	Max Strange
Niemand hat gesehen	Locwe
Wiegenlied	Menzler
Die Lorelei.....	Franz Liszt
Elegie ('cello obligato).....	Massenet
Duo for piano and 'Cello—	
"Oh, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?".....	Handel
"Slighted Swain (Old Spanish).....	Wilson
"Come with me in the Summer Night".....	Vander Stucken

PART II.

Ballade du Despere.....	Bemberg
(Ballad of the Despairing One. English translation by Claude G. Bryan, personal property of Miss Bartlett).	

Since his opening concert in Boston three weeks ago Gabrilowitsch has aroused the greatest enthusiasm throughout the Eastern centers of music. He has become as popular as Paderewski, and even Chicago bubbled over with enthusiasm and filled the Auditorium completely. Gabrilowitsch discloses a

beautiful touch and a not less beautiful perception of the poetic and imaginative qualities of the music which he plays. He will soon reach Los Angeles, where he is to be heard in two concerts. Gabrilowitsch comes as a second event in the Great Philharmonic Course, filling the position which should have been occupied by Mlle. Parkina. Unquestionably to the real student of music this change will be most acceptable. The seat sale is now on at the Birkel Music Store.

Henry T. Finek sounds this note of warning in the New York Evening Post: "At the close of a concert in London the singer—a lady—received from an admirer a basket filled with grapes and pineapples instead of flowers. In some cases a basket of sandwiches would be still more acceptable, for many a foolish girl wastes her last cent in giving a concert in the vain hope of taking the musical world by storm."

The California State Library is compiling a list of California composers for the use of students, writers and librarians. As soon as names and addresses are secured cards will be sent to each composer. These cards when filled out give biographical data, where and with whom the musician studied, and many other facts that bring one into friendly relations with the writer of music. When returned, these cards are placed on file and are invaluable for reference pur-

poses. Hundreds of author and pioneer cards have been secured, and it is the desire of the State Library to give California composers a prominent place in the California Historical Department. To this end all who have contributed to the music of the State are asked to forward their names and addresses to the State Library. Relatives of deceased composers are also asked to communicate. This is a matter of great importance, and it is to be hoped that all musical friends of California will assist in the good work. Address California Historical Department, State Library, Sacramento, Cal.

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Mr. Douglas has recently installed in Composition his Studio at St. Paul's, (523 South Olive St.) a fine modern Two-Manual Pipe-organ (electric motor) which he places at the disposal of Organ Students.

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Autos and Autoists

Just one exciting ripple was all that was in evidence last Monday night to disturb the usual equanimity and serenity that prevail at the Dealers' Association meetings. The meeting was held to discuss the coming January show and the session was chock full of business concerning the affair which prolonged it until the wee sma' hours. Harry Harrison, he of the late famous non-stop 100 hour sprint, precipitated the trouble by innocently suggesting that the dealer that paid the biggest price for space be given his choice of location. Everyone was on his feet in a minute with protests, as those who only handle one line would undoubtedly be put to considerable disadvantage. Mr. Harrison may or may not be especially friendly to the Western Motor Works, and his motion would have favored Mr. Earl Anthony of the Western Motor Company, who, as it is well known, handles six distinct different lines. Mr. Anthony himself, on behalf of the different lines that he represents, was to the fore with a certified check of \$2,800, which he tendered point blank as an evidence of good faith. Capt. Ryus, of the White Garage, and Harry Harrison, of the famous Peerless and Oldsmobile, were next in line, although I am unable to quote the exact figures of their checks. All further evidence of wealth was cut short by Mr. Ralph Hamlin, of the Franklin Garage, who was to the front with a motion

that the matter should be openly debated, with every dealer voting on the proposition. This motion was received and carried amid hearty commendation, and at once opened up a strenuous debate which finally led to an amicable wind-up. Mr. J. W. Willcox, of the doughty Maxwell, was most fortunate in the allotment of space, catching the first slip. His good luck was met with a storm of applause. Nothing of moment then occurred until Mr. H. M. Fuller, of Reo fame, captured slip "13," usually bracketed a hoodoo number. Mr. Fuller, however, cannot be made to see it in this light, for only a few minutes previous he had won a front seat to the O'Brien-Burns' soiree from—well, perhaps I'd better not mention his friend's name, but here's the gist of the argument which led to the wager. It was as to whether these gentlemen of the ring had met in former combat. On this vexatious point the studious Fuller had the dope at his finger's end, no physical culture tete-a-tete of the last decade having escaped his keen eye and pencilled note. Good-nights were then in order, with a suggestion from Capt. Ryus that Manager Morley submit a perfected diagram showing the allotted space which will then come in for rapid marking.

With the Graphic already on the press it will be realized that no account of the Box Hill doings of Thanksgiving Day can be given in this issue; but

Hail Columbia! Hail Columbia!

RAILROAD TIME
San Francisco to Los Angeles, Smashing
Best Previous Time

2 Hours 51 Minutes

COLUMBIA

America's Greatest Road Car
40-45 Horse Power. 5 or 7 Passenger.

Columbia's Great Run

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San Francisco to New York, 15 days, 2 hrs. 12 min.
Chicago to New York 56 hrs. 58 min.
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Efficiency Contest . . . 87½ miles on 2 gal. gasoline

All these records were made with regular stock cars, and are records that mean something to the purchaser

4 cyl. shaft driven Runabout	\$1900.00
4 cyl. Light Touring Car.....	2000.00
4 cyl. Touring Car	2950.00
6 cyl. seven passenger Touring Car..	4150.00

'07 Demonstrators will arrive in two weeks.
Do not fail to call and see these new models.

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION

R. C. HAMLIN

South 909
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with the fifty-two entries listed so far and the enthusiasm that is rampant among all autoists, one can safely predict that the affair is bound to be a pronounced success. Aside from the climb itself, many of the cars will take the Rubidoux as a side issue, which in itself will be one of the greatest tests to which a car can be put. Those successful in making the ascent can have no kick coming at the dealer from whom the car was bought. The Riverside committee has been hard at work in cooperation with the local dealers, making preparations for the climb, and should the weather clear up a thoroughly successful tournament is assured. There would have been a great many more entries had some of the dealers had their '07 stock in hand. Quite notable among those who on this account are unable to compete is the White Garage, and the White folks feel quite lonesome at not having a machine to take part in the doings. Inclement weather with dense showers will necessitate the postponement of the venture until probably Christmas time. It is a noteworthy fact that the Riverside people are showing a great deal more enthusiasm in the project than they did a year ago. Quite a number of cars which went to Riverside the past few days to try out the Box Springs course plowed through mud and water which was a foot deep in many places. A party composed of Messrs. Cowan, Lee, Pattee and Jeffries went up before the rain with their Cadillacs, in one of which Mr. Cowan was so thoroughly mired in the storm that he was compelled to leave his machine at San Bernardino, returning by train. This, however, will not stop Mr. Cowan from taking part in the Thanksgiving venture. The party returned in a body on Monday, describing their trip as much like an ocean voyage.

William Schroder will be on deck with one of the new Tourist runabouts, while the new high-power Wayne will also have a chance to come through with the sterling qualities with which Mr. E. Jr. Bennett attributes it. The Stoddard-Dayton, driven by Harry Olive, will also be out to enhance its reputation. Some excellent records for hill climbing and all-round general construction have been made by this car. The steepest hill near Cincinnati, Ohio, is the Paddock road, and in record contests on the course these cars showed clean heels to automobiles that were rated at greater horse-power and higher price. On the Riverside Hill course of the Minneapolis Auto Club the Stoddard-Dayton car won the cup last summer. H. S. Haines drove the car with regular stock equipments, muffler connected, breaking all records for gasoline cars, establishing the time of 40 1-2 at a rate of speed up-hill of thirty-two miles per hour. The 1907 Stoddard-Dayton models are all equipped with motors of increased power, and they will create quite a sensation on their arrival. Cincinnati's millionaire, Charles Fleischmann, recently added a Stoddard-Dayton limousine to his garage. The climb will have a notable feature in the fact that Miss Helen Lewis, of this city, will drive a 30-horsepower Mitchell Touring Car in Class B. Miss Lewis will also have the proud distinction of being the only woman who has had the courage to take a chance in one of these hair-raising propositions. Mr. Henry E. Wheeler, of Pomona, strongly advises those going to Riverside to disregard, for the present, the automobile sign at the Etiwanda cross road, keeping straight on by way of Rialto to Riverside. If one turns to the right at Etiwanda, which

Six Carloads



Automobiles on the Way. Shipping Bills Received. Should Be Here by November 26

We are going to supply the demand for Reo Motor Cars if we have to order them by the trainload. In the meantime we are filling orders for

Immediate Delivery

**20 H. P. Touring Car, \$1350
8 H. P. Runabout, \$675**

L. T. SHETTLER

H. M. Fuller, City Sales Manager

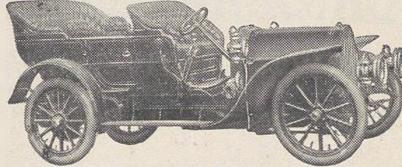
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Motor, Transmission and general design, practically a duplicate of the Italian FIAT car driven by Laucia in two Vanderbilt races. A foreign car at an American Price.

Fifty horse power motor, mechanical valves, four speed selective transmission, high tension magneto, 36 inch wheels, multiple disc clutch. Price with top and full Lamp Equipment, **\$4600.00**.

Let us mail you further information.

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Touring Cars and Runabouts

16 to 60 Horse Power. \$800 to \$3,650.

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is just four miles east of Cucamonga, he will find ahead of him four consecutive miles of wretched sandy road, which lead one right to the Stern winery. From there on to Riverside the oiled road is fairly good, and no trouble need be feared. Seven miles from San Berdo and three from Riverside another dangerous fork projects, both looking equally good. The Colton avenue one is the right one to pursue, it leading more directly to the center of Riverside; the left hand one leads into Iowa avenue, and is much the better road though a good mile longer. It leads almost directly to the foot of the Box Springs grade. Any motorist will have a good chance to regret it if he makes the mistake of taking the latter course.

'07 Franklin models have arrived and Manager Ralph Hamlin is elated at the way orders are pouring in. A notable change has been made in the Franklin engine, which has practically annihilated any semblance of noise; which, by the way, was the one drawback of the 1906 machines. This hushing of noise has been accomplished by changing the form of the valve lift cams from a sort of triangular shape to an oval and by making the walking beam more durable; the two-to-one lever has done the rest. The Model D larger wheels have been placed, now being 34-inch. This greatly adds to the appearance, toning the general dress of the car besides making its clearance an important item for California use. The exceedingly light weight of the Franklin cars is continued with all the strength and also with plenty of room in the seats, while everything else is of a strictly down-to-date nature.

The dynamiters who have been at work for the past ten days on the solid masonry in the rear of the Auto Vehicle Company's present quarters have at last accomplished their job, and the Tourist's new building will soon be rushed to completion. The solid masonry to level was a most trying job, it forming the foundation of the immense Tourist Hotel which capitalists planned to erect some fifteen years ago. Manager Wilcox, of the famous Maxwell, wears a broad smile these days, as information from the factory is to the effect that from now on prompt shipments can be expected.

The 100-hour non-stop run of Harry Harrison's '07 Oldsmobile has been the stunt of interest in local

Ramsay-Hutchins Rubber Co.

L. P. RAMSAY, Pres.

F. S. HUTCHINS, Gen. Mgr.

**AUTOMOBILE, BYCYCLE, MOTORCYCLE,
VEHICLE TIRES**

RUBBER REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

Our Mr. Hutchins is the Pioneer on this Coast of Vulcanizing Automobile Tires.

EVERYTHING IN RUBBER

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circles, and has created among buyers no end of favorable comment. Many of the dealers, however, look upon the performance as having no real bearing on the Oldsmobile's vigorous strenuousity. Quite a few voice the idea that disinterested witnesses should have accompanied the car on its novel spin. "Why," said one salesman, waxing quite wrathy (which, by the way, may have only been caused by a touch of jealous venom in his make-up), "Harrison could have stopped his car a dozen different times when he was out of sight during the night hours, had he been so disposed. If Harrison had wanted this to have gone on record he certainly should have had disinterested officials appointed to report the car's progress."

Bert Dingley and Billie Ruess both greatly regret the sudden death of Ernest Keeler. Both were well acquainted with Ernest and considered him one of the best in the game. It will be remembered that it is only a few weeks ago that Ernest enhanced his reputation and that of the Oldsmobile by his famous non-stop run from Brettonwoods to New York city.

The Automobile Club of America and the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association shows will be given from the 1st to the 8th, inclusive, at the Grand Central Palace, New York city.

The Maxwell folks, whose car is constructed at Tarrytown, N. Y., are about to establish a branch factory, and the committee have already favorably reported on its being located at Newcastle, Indiana, a town of some 10,000 population and situated ten miles from Indianapolis. There is a proposition for another local factory if the plans of Capt. Ryus and Charles Christman are successful. The outcome of this possibility is assured by the remarkable feats that the Christman car has accomplished on the Nevada desert. The pioneer of this line was built at Goldfields some months ago, it being largely responsible of the opening up of the Greenwater camp, 156 miles away. The first trial trip of the car was to the Borax mines. Mr. Christman carried "Borax" Smith and his family seventy miles through marshes and the dreaded headwaters of Ash Meadows. The car has travelled fully 15,000 miles, and it is said that so perfect has been the control through the clutches it has never been necessary to have any brakes while

Christman says that his repairs have not been over \$20.

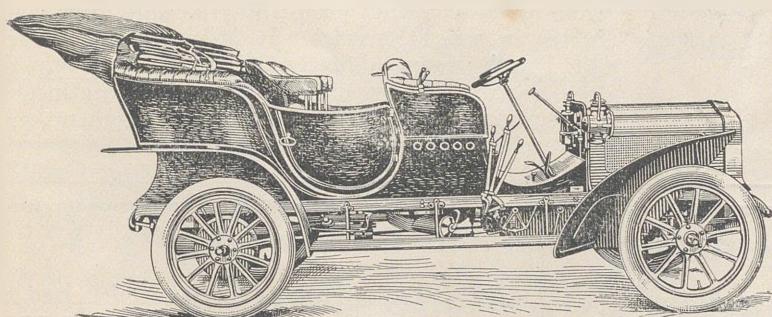
The Stephens runabout is another new machine to make its local debut. The Western Motor Car Company is handling this machine and have disposed of one to Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, who is delighted with his recent acquisition. The Stevens-Duryea which, by the way, has no connection with the former, has been steadily gaining friends, and Mr. Hansen has been quite successful, disposing of machines to Wright and Callender, Mr. Frances B. Swayne and Mr. Samuel Wood, of Pasadena. The same firm has also disposed of over a dozen Buicks, among the purchasers being Mr. A. W. Payne, the others being sent to customers residing at San Diego, Pomona and Riverside.

One of the handsome cars to be seen on the streets is the new 4-cylinder Packard which Mr. Dan Murphy recently purchased from this firm for \$4,800.

The Western Motor Car Company is even yet to the fore with another machine known as the Detroit-Thomas. It is a 40-horsepower and the demonstrator is expected within the next few days.

The Motor Field very aptly says: "There can be no plausible reason for failure to push the good roads movement to a definite end at this time. We believe the motorists are not fully aware of their own strength, with the 2,500 or more who reside in Colorado and the 7,000 in California, with the 2,000 who reside between the Rockies and the Coast, you have the bone and sinew of the business. Acting together they would be a tower strong as Gibralter, and from the several states sufficient funds should be easily raised to make touring one delightful jaunt between the Rockies and the Coast. There is but little time left if the motorists of the West intend to do anything at the coming state legislatures."

Smartly stylish and fascinating to a degree are the models that motor garb specialists have produced for present wear. With the leading styles in dress for a guide, there are worked out garments that, while plainly founded on the new fashions, are yet so



THIS IS OUR '07

WHITE GARAGE

712 So. Broadway

H. D. RYUS, Mgr.

Ex. 790 Both Phones

W. R. RUESS, Sales Mgr.

October Deliveries

Pullman Body Model "G" White	\$3,700
Touring Body Model "G" White	3,500
Touring Body Model "H" White	2,500
ALSO AGENTS FOR THE	
Pope-Hartford Model "L" -	2,750
4 Cyl. 30 H. P.	
AND	
Pope Tribune 24 H. P. -	1,500
4 Cyl. Runabout	

distinctly motor coats or wraps, as the case may be, that to mistake their purport were well nigh impossible.

The styles of the First Empire have proven prolific sources of inspiration for the designer; while those of the Second Empire are scarcely less so. The passage of some three-quarters of a century between the two periods is cleverly bridged today, and ideas taken from both are deftly combined with excellent results.

An absence of weight characterizes all of the new fabrics, many of them especially woven with motor purposes, conditions and limitations, in view. There are some delightful colorings displayed in the new Kilmarnock tweeds, one side of which is usually plain or herringboned; while the reverse is plaided in gay colorings. Now that plaids have asserted their title to consideration as strongly here as they have long ago achieved abroad, there is a broad future for such weaves. The tweeds are closely woven, so that they keep out the searching winds; and yet there is no clumsiness or weight whatever to them. A smart wrap in Empire design is excellent, and one would find it fully as comfortable on a walking tour,

where lightness of clothing lessens fatigue, as seated luxuriously in a motor car.

The imported Parisian models are marvels of vol- uminousness. Here is where the cleverness of the weave comes into play beautifully. Such styles and designs would be utterly impossible in heavy, clumsy weaves; but in the lightweight fabrics of today there is simply no limit set to the amount of cloth that the designer can consume in making a single wrap.

A Bechoff-David model is simply irresistible in the quaint mode that it presents. Like so many others of the season's successes, there is an Irish origin to this design. The cloak that the peasant women wear is clearly the source of inspiration, and to this there is added that ineffable touch of style that the French know so well how to achieve.

Since revers are a prominent indication in the new styles, this charming creation shows the fronts ar- ranged with shallow revers, lined with princess hair- cloth, so that neither wind nor weather shall effect their smart roll. The back is arranged with a cross- over effect, one side being draped from the shoulder to cross the other at about where the short waistline should declare itself, were the model a fitted or even a semi-fitted one; and the sweep of line from there to the hem is a truly regal one. Original as is the body of the wrap, the sleeves are no less so. There is a wide cap sleeve of the soft dark-green cheviot, this line throughout—as is the entire garment—with a soft black *peau de gant*—a silk, by the way, that is appropriately named, since its dead luster finish and flexible body eminently suggest a high-grade glove kid—and, for further warmth and comfort, there is added a pair of sleeves of the *peau de gant* underneath, those of the loose and puffy variety, so that the hand slips easily through, and the dress sleeve is not unduly crushed.

Some of the new leather coats display touches of elegance that cannot fail to float them on the topmost wave of fashion. Here the miscalled "chiffon" quality asserts itself more apparently than ever. Most leathers are made non-porous in the tanning pro- cess, and therefore, when made up into garments, are veritable sweat-boxes. Impervious to the air, as well as to the wind, they soon become uncomfortably warm; and such have, in the past, proved more potent generators of colds and kindred ailments than any other well known agent.

Now, however, the new leathers are not only en- tirely porous, admitting the air to a sufficient degree, while remaining wind proof; but they are appreciably lighter in weight besides. It is possible to have a full length wrap, daintily trimmed—although one does not usually associate leather and daintiness to a very conspicuous degree—that will weigh no more than a heavy sicilienne, warmly lined.

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Specialty of Southwestern Reality

W. D. ROBINSON, President
A. ROBINSON, Vice-President
E. S. ROBINSON, Secy. and Treas.

Los Angeles, Cal. Nov 3rd 1906
Misses A O Harrison Co
City

Gents:—I want to say a word to express my appreciation of the treatment I have received at your hands. Though I did not buy my car from you, you could not have treated me better if I had been an old customer. The "Two Cycle Olds" is the best on the market for two thousand dollars or less. In fact I don't know of a two thousand dollar car for which I could make an even swap. You are at liberty to refer any prospective customer to me & I shall be pleased to show them how the car runs after six months of hard use.

yours very truly
E. S. Robinson

Same Handy Garage, But Under New Management
The Famous "Studebaker" '07 Models will Soon be here

Better book your order right away. They include both Gasoline and Electric

Angelus Motor Car Co.

Main 1842
Home 2515

110-12-14 East Third Street HOWARD FALLOON, Manager
Boarding and Repairing a Specialty. Open All Night.

With the new qualities that have been accorded to leather, there is a noticeable impulse towards the production of coat and skirt costumes in this material. One exceedingly smart one is in a dull black ooze calf, intended for mourning wear. The coat is loose, somewhat of the box variety, but displaying rather more fulness from the shoulders than the accepted type of box coats usually exhibits. The fronts are double-breasted, the fastening being effected in a bias line from the left shoulder down; and a vest of white buckskin, braided in black and with black buttons down the center, shows itself when the fronts are rolled back in revers.

The skirt is of circular cut, one side of the front overlapping in a series of crenellated tabs, and each square tab centered with a button, and the fastening effected in this way. Bands of black caracul edge the skirt, tabs and all; and are used on the coat in similar fashion. The coat, by the way, comes well down over the curve of the hips, is slit at the side seams, and so cut that a jaunty little fan pleat is inserted in the center and either side of the back. A pair of high laced boots of the same material, lined with a silk flannel, go with the costume; and a jaunty little turban setting closely to the shape of the head, and a large granny muff, both in the caracul, complete the model.

The care of the hair and complexion while on tour seems to have made a subject of especial moment at the hands of the milliner. Some delightfully chic effects in headgear are being shown; and when one says that they are as pretty as they are practical, the whole ground seems to be covered. "Mon Bijou" capeline is a piece of headgear that every autoist of the feminine persuasion should promptly invest in; and even the woman who only expects to enter a motor car as an occasional guest will make no mistake in ordering one of those indispensables. They are strictly an emergency affair; and delightfully do they accomplish their mission. As for detailed description, the capeline is simply a large hood of dust-proof silk, roomy enough to cover up one's best bonnet easily, and fitted with a face veil in the front, so that both the hair and the complexion are completely protected, and yet one's eyesight is not unpleasantly clouded or strained. The affair fastens with snaps under the chin, and there is a cape collar that may be worn beneath or outside the coat collar, as one may prefer. Assuredly, we owe a debt of gratitude to the inventor of such a comfortable and modish design.

Our New

MAXWELL

four cylinder touring car that has recently arrived is creating a great deal of favorable comment.

Shipments of other cars are coming in steadily and we are taking orders for immediate delivery.

MAXWELL-BRISCOE-WILCOX CO.

Agents for Maxwell Automobiles

1211-1213 South Main Street

Phones: Home 5667

Sunset Broadway 4089

Financial

Officials of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco have communicated with the bank's representative in Los Angeles, Vice-President W. J. Doran of the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and announced their willingness to make an immediate loan of at least \$2,000,000 on "inside" real estate in this city.

The directors of Corona's new bank have leased from J. T. Burton of Los Angeles his building at the corner of Main and Sixth streets, now occupied by Andrew Casey. The Burton building will be entirely refitted to accommodate the bank.

Fielding J. Stilson Co.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

Realty Stocks Bonds

Member L. A. Realty Board
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WESTERN UNION CODE—CABLE ADDRESS, "STILSON"

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Los Angeles

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, November 12th, 1906

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$10,726,007.89	Capital Stock..... \$1,260,000.00
Overdrafts..... 110,598.50	Surplus..... 250,000.00
U. S. Bonds..... 1,597,160.00	Undivided Profits..... 1,280,78.89
Premium on U. S. Bonds 57,450.99	Circulation..... 1,250,000.00
Bonds..... 1,082,550.28	Special Deposit,
Due from U. S.	City Treasurer..... 120,000.00
Treasurer..... 62,500.00	Bonds Borrowed..... 146,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures 47,886.41	Deposits 15,388,468.06
Cash on Hand	
(Special Deposit)..... 120,000.00	
Cash..... \$2,993,926.00	
Due from other Banks	
..... 2,886,466.88 5,880,392.88	
	\$19,684,346.95

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank

A Savings Bank Book is better than a letter of recommendation. It is an absolute proof of character.

Four per cent interest paid on term deposits.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Largest Savings Bank in Southern California

Total Resources

\$16,000,000.00

Fourth and
Spring Streets



CHOOSE THIS BANK

Your selection of this bank to handle your account would be good, because we have every facility to handle it to the best advantage.

3% Interest on Ordinary Deposits

4% on Term Deposits

ASSETS
\$8,000,000.

30,500 DEPOSITORS

Safety deposit Boxes in storage vaults \$2.00 a year and up

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK
S. E. Corner Fourth and Spring Streets

JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.
(Established 1892)

Real Estate and Insurance

We make a Specialty of
Close-in Property

And have good facilities for buying and selling to the best advantage.

212-216 Wilcox Building

No Phone Ex. 416 Member L.A.R.B. Sunset Main 4160

Safety and Profit

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you **4 per cent** interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

State Bank and Trust Co.

John R Mathews President
CAPITAL \$500,000.00

S. F. Zombro Cashier
DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

Specialty-Business Property AND High Class Residence Property

MINES & FARISH REAL ESTATE AGENTS 315 S. HILL STREET

Fully Equipped RENTAL Department
CIVE US A CALL

Telephones { Home Ex. 145
Main 1457

J. C. Kays, vice-president of the First National Bank of Hollywood and of the Hollywood Saving Bank, has sold his interest in both banks to John Law.

The First National Bank of Riverside has installed a double automatic electric alarm system to safeguard the money in the vaults. It is arranged somewhat after the electric fire alarm system.

A new national bank, promoted by H. J. Thomas, will open in January, in Sierra Madre, in the new brick block to be built by Charles S. Kersting at Central and Baldwin avenue. The capital stock—\$50,000—has been subscribed.

The People's State Bank of National City will open a regular savings department.

Certain capitalists from the East want to buy a bank in Los Angeles. A broker acting for these unnamed principals has made overtures to several local banks, but has not yet found one for sale. The latest of these attempts has been made to buy the Equitable Savings Bank at Spring and First streets. President W. J. Washburn, who owns more than half the stock, says decisively the bank is not for sale and consequently any offer will be useless. Mr. Washburn is not yet ready to retire from business, and consequently he will retain the bank. The Equitable, with capital of \$50,000, has more than \$1,370,000 deposits and \$844,000 loans, total resources September 4 being \$1,370,673.

Bonds

The Home Telephone Company of Elsinore proposes to the city trustees to buy the plant now under construction, and the trustees are contemplating a \$10,000 bond issue.

The voters of Los Angeles county defeated the proposition to bond the county for improvements of various county buildings and institutions.

The street committee of the San Diego council has voted to recommend that \$60,000 for boulevard improvement be included in the bond issue, it being felt that approaches to the city from all sides should be improved. The items are: Boulevard to La Jolla, \$20,000; Point Loma, \$20,000; Rose Canyon Road, \$5,000; Escondido Road, \$5,000; National City Road, \$5,000; Lemon Grove approach, \$2,500, and from Stockton to Oldtown, \$2,500.

The Redlands city trustees have called an election for December 13 to vote on a bond issue of \$50,000.

The Ocean Park Water Company is authorizing bonded indebtedness of \$100,000 in bonds for needed improvements.

The Ventura board of trustees is contemplating a \$50,000 issue for various improvements.

The city council committee of San Diego favors a issue of \$300,000 for extension of the water system. Estimates call for an expenditure of \$308,521.

The street committee of the San Diego council will recommend that an issue of \$53,500 bonds be included in the proposed bond issue: For boulevard \$3,500; for concrete bridges, \$50,000.

The city trustees of Alhambra are discussing a bond issue, for various municipal improvements.

The Los Angeles Trust Company has been awarded the \$40,000 city hall issue of San Pedro, paying \$2,18 premium.

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